

They Take Their Turn at Wearing
Out the Enemy Whose Horses
Are Lame and Tired.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

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Entitled to the Fullest Confidence.

From a letter to Chas. H. Jones, Editor and Manager.

It is the opinion of your Committee, after as careful and thorough an examination as has ever been given to any newspaper, that the Post-Dispatch is entitled to the fullest confidence of the community, and so far as we can learn, no misstatement or over statement have been made in regard to circulation or advertising patronage, and that the entire manner in which the business end of the paper is conducted is highly creditable to yourself and your associates.

LON V. STEPHENS, State Treasurer of Missouri.

ISAAC H. STURGEON, Comptroller of the City of St. Louis, Mo.

R. M. SCRUGGS, Pres't Scruggs, Vanderpool & Barney Dry Goods Co.

B. HILLMAN, of Hillman & Co.

ALFRED E. ROSE, Pres't of the H. O. Co., Advertising Manager Scott & Bowne.

TO OUR READERS—The Sunday Post-Dispatch to-day consists of THIRTY-TWO PAGES. In four sections. Our readers should see that they get the entire paper.

THE EXPERT TESTIMONY SCANDAL.

The Post-Dispatch at the former trial drew forth attention to the scandalous testimony in criminal cases.

It showed how it resulted in a competition between the attorney for the prosecution and the attorney for the defense to secure the testimony of physicians of more or less prominence to support their contention, and in the spectacle of a lot of doctors trying to swear each other down for pay.

The scandal of the first trial has just been repeated in the second, and, in fact, occurs so often in murder trials that the necessity of putting a stop to it has become manifest. Thoughtful men recognize that it is a blot on the administration of justice in criminal courts and a disgrace to the medical profession. It tends to defeat justice by giving the apparent preponderance of testimony to the longest purse and to the discrediting of the profession of medicine by the unseemly squabbles and contradictions of its alleged experts.

The recognition of the evils of the present practice led the State Medical Society of New York to appoint a special committee to examine the subject. That committee has rendered a report recommending the enactment of a law providing for the appointment of experts by the courts, which shall fix a reasonable compensation. The function of these experts is to be advisory and after full examination into the evidence and the condition of the person under trial their report shall be submitted to the court for transmission to the jury. The cross-examination on the witness stand shall be limited to the facts and opinions embraced in the report.

This is in line with the suggestion of the Post-Dispatch that if expert testimony must be had it should be provided for by law in such a way that the scandal of competition and practical purchase of testimony shall be eliminated. Whether the particular plan recommended is the best or not is a practical question to be carefully determined, but the policy it embodies is sound.

PLUTOCRACY'S PROGRESS.

On what basis are Mr. Potter Palmer and his friends urging upon President Cleveland the appointment of Mr. Potter Palmer as ambassador to Germany?

Is Mr. Palmer a statesman or a diplomat? Is there any reason to believe that he has the qualities which fit him to become a diplomat and to deal with international or state questions? Has he performed any public service that merits the reward of high political honor? Has he the superior ability and culture to fit him to shine as an American representative at a foreign court?

The answer to each of these questions is an emphatic no. Mr. Palmer is not known to have any of the qualities that would fit him to deal with questions of state. He has performed no high public service which entitles him to reward, and he has no experience in public affairs. All the training in diplomacy he has enjoyed has come from his own

pation as a hotel-keeper. Mr. Palmer is a plain business man who has made a success and is believed to have accumulated a great fortune.

This is not to his discredit, but on the other hand, there is nothing in the qualities or career of a successful public officer to recommend him for a diplomatic post, requiring knowledge of international law and politics, cutting for wide culture and knowledge of the world, and carrying high political honor.

The only qualification that can be found in Mr. Palmer for the place sought for him is the possession of wealth. Would he be thought of or mentioned for the post if he were not reputed to be enormously rich? On the contrary, would not pretension to the office in a poor man of similar mental equipment be treated with ridicule and scorn?

The fact that Mr. Potter Palmer is seriously mentioned for the Berlin Ambassadorship is striking evidence of the progress of plutocracy in this country.

BONTGEN'S "X" RAYS.

The discovery by Prof. Bontgen of a method of photographing articles inclosed in a wooden box or of the bones in a living human body is being developed by other scientists, and is likely to prove the most startling scientific achievement of the day.

Already, it is said, European surgeons are using the new "X" rays. Prof. Bontgen calls them, in locating foreign photography bullets and other foreign objects in the human body. It is also possible by this means to diagnose diseased bony tissue, as the photographs taken by this new method disclose every inequality or irregularity of texture, even showing up plainly spots or flaws in metallic plates or alloys that are invisible to the human eye by the strongest ordinary light.

To these newly discovered rays the softer metals are as transparent as wood. Composite metals or forgings of two or more metals, as in gun barrels, are penetrated by the rays, so that it is possible to show whether the twisted and hampered portions of iron and steel are uniformly worked together. If the process is developed, we shall doubtless be able to apply it to Carnegie blow-hole castings, and have millions of dollars for the people that would otherwise lie in the pockets of fraudulent contractors.

It is said that Prof. Csermark of Graz has succeeded in photographing by these rays the skull of the editor of the Grazer Tageblatt, who offered his head for that purpose. He has not slept a wink since viewing his own death's head, which was photographed with startling exactness.

These wonderful rays are not, strictly speaking, light rays at all. A Harvard professor has suggested that they are the cathode rays, which appear as a dark space around the outgoing terminal wire of a vacuum tube. Other scientists suggest that they are the ultra violet rays at the extreme end of the spectrum, which are almost invisible to human sight. The discoverer does not agree with either of these theories. He calls them provisionally "X" rays, and seems to identify them with the "radiant matter" of the English scientist, Crookes.

CUBA AND THE RED CROSS.

A Post-Dispatch correspondent asks why the Red Cross Society is so anxious to distribute relief to the suffering Armenians and is so unkindly to the suffering Cubans.

The question is pertinent and timely. The prime object of the Red Cross Society on the battlefield, to care for the sick and wounded in war.

The most important war, in fact the only one of importance now being waged, is that of the Cubans for independence. A small army of devoted patriots is making heroic efforts against a Spanish army of 100,000 men. The mode of warfare is brutal and the conditions of the contest render it difficult to provide adequate hospital and nurse service. The great hardships of the insurgent army have prompted the introduction of a resolution in Congress appealing to Spain to concede the rights of belligerents and the treatment of civilized war usages to the insurgents. The press and people of the United States are urging action favorable to the Cubans.

The need of the services of an order of mercy in the Cuban struggle is undoubtedly great. The suffering among the sick and wounded, especially in the insurgent army, must be intense. It is well enough to relieve the maltreated Armenians, but Miss Barton and her associates should not withhold aid from the brave men who are fighting for Cuban independence, or the poor fellows who are being sacrificed to Spain's rapacity and tyranny.

POPULAR ART EDUCATION.

In an article discussing the growth of sculpture in America, William Ordway Partridge urged the adoption of a system of art education in the public schools.

How far the culture of art could be engrafted on the public school system is a practical question of ways and means which requires careful deliberation. The public school system is now in danger of being overburdened with facts which threaten to impale its efficiency for its main object of giving all the children opportunity to secure a grammar school education.

But Mr. Partridge has suggested the key to the advancement of art interests. The growth of art is dependent upon broad art culture among the people. It must be made a part of every-day life of the people. The love and appreciation of art must be instilled into the minds of the rising generation by training, habit and constant familiarity with works of art.

The complaint is frequently heard that it is difficult to stir up interest in practical education and to secure support for art institutions, galleries and exhibitions among people of wealth, who have the means and leisure to devote to such things. The reason is not hard to find. These people have no real love for art and do not appreciate its value. They have no genuine feeling or taste for it. Their art education has been neglected. The foundation work must be broadened and deepened for future results.

A beginning in the direction suggested by Mr. Partridge has been made in St. Louis without touching the public school curriculum or adding a burden to the school funds. The placing of art engravings in the public schools for the Wednesday Club has been a practical step towards

popular art education which may lead to something better. We may eventually build up a sentiment that will induce the people of wealth to give a liberal support to local art education and enterprises. They may be taught the value of institutions and art galleries.

A TRICK EXPOSED.

"The Republic is one of the few papers in the United States which make affidavits of their actual paid circulation." So said the Republic yesterday. We may add that the Republic is one of the few newspapers which persistently question the correctness of circulation statements made by other newspapers.

For months past (until the current January statement) the Republic has claimed that in its statements of circulation it gave the "net circulation reaching actual readers." As a matter of fact, during all that time it had contracts with news dealers in all the more important towns, which gave the dealers a cut rate on condition that they would keep unsold papers and make no returns. By this arrangement the Republic kept the record of unsold papers concealed, but it did not keep the papers from being left under the dealers' counters unsold. It was simply a device which enabled the Republic to count all such unsold copies as "reaching actual readers." Here is an affidavit from a Republic news dealer which substantiates the correctness of this statement: State of Missouri, City of St. Louis, ss. I, a special sales agent for the Republic at Alton, Ill., for two and one-half months up to Aug. 25 last. I had a contract with that paper, which gave me a special rate. Under that contract, I was obligated to take at least a certain minimum number of copies daily, and if any order at any time fell below that number, I was obliged to pay an advance rate for all papers sent me thereafter.

I always had a considerable number of Republics left unsold, of which no account was rendered and no allowance made. In fact, the left-over papers were so excessive, and as the Republic insisted upon enforcing the contract, I lost heavily on the business and was forced to give it up at a considerable sacrifice.

My information is that Mr. Ed Yeager, who succeeded me at Alton, has a similar contract with the Republic, and that he likewise has a number of papers left unsold. F. C. HOGAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of November, 1895.

My term expires Oct. 17, 1896.

HARRY M. DUHRING, Notary Public, City of St. Louis.

The Post-Dispatch has abundance of similar evidence from numerous other towns, which can be produced and published if necessary.

The Post-Dispatch method is quite different. Under it there is a complete record of all unsold papers, and this record appears in its books, which are open to the inspection of advertisers, whereas the Republic, by making a cut price to dealers, bribes them to keep back all unsold Republics. In fact, it forces the dealer to do so, under penalty of paying an increased price for all papers sent him.

Readers and advertisers can judge for themselves which method is most trustworthy and honest.

The six lady barbers of Chicago who put down the razors and left a number of persons partly shaved are justified by the fact that the boss cut out of the shop the waiting lover of one of the fair ones who expected to go with the young fellow to a ball as soon as her work was over. When six lady barbers thus go out on a strike in the name of true love, it is folly to presume that the new woman means to give up either the old man or the young one.

Editor Van Horn of the Kansas City Journal is awarded Mr. Tarnsey's seat in the House. It is a curious and noteworthy fact that on the great question of the day—the money question—Mr. Van Horn is a better representative of the views of Missouri Democrats than is Mr. Tarnsey. In this respect the Democrats of Missouri will not lose by the change.

The vote in the Senate yesterday by which the bill for the free coinage of silver was passed as a substitute for the gold bill does not indicate that "the silver craze is dying out." In fact, the silver craze is a more unconquerable force than ever.

That St. Louis is recovering from the business inaction and the deadening effect of the bond deal is shown by the bank clearings of last week. There was a gain of 5 per cent over the clearings of the corresponding week of last year. There is reason to hope for a steady improvement from this time on.

The Johnson wedding sets an important precedent. When a distinguished woman weds a man he must take her name. There will probably be some protests on the part of bridegrooms before the new rule becomes settled, but men are becoming much more lamb-like than they were before woman's emancipation.

The St. Paul man who has had to pay \$1.75 for each of 2,000 kisses given the wife of another man may grumble at the amount, but he ought to reflect that in some communities there would have been funeral expenses to pay.

Letter carriers are mud carriers as well as mail carriers—necessarily so in many parts of our badly managed cities. If there are to be collection boxes in vestibules there will be additional mud for housekeepers to battle with.

The efforts of the Chicago Theosophists to make funerals joyous occasions seem to have succeeded, in one case at least. If funeral entertainments can be made sufficiently attractive they may compete with the matinees.

The success of Mayor Pingree's potato scheme has astonished a great many people, and it has encouraged a great many to believe that much may be done for the unemployed without demoralizing them.

It was well to congratulate by mail and telegraph the resident of Brooklyn who is 102 years old. To many people a life so prolonged means merely that it will be closed in the poor-house.

The fact that the Georgian who was 129 years old had died in the poor-house, and the other fact that his son, aged 25,

is in the poor-house, seems to rob old age of some of its glamour.

Thomas Reed not only went to hear Yvette Guilbert sing, but he also favored woman suffrage. The other candidates will have a full list of his crimes in time for the convention.

When the groundhog comes out and views the greatly increased circulation of the Post-Dispatch he will drop a tear of sympathy for its esteemed but slower contemporaries.

Salisbury says the Sultan must be given time. This policy will certainly settle the Armenian troubles. In a little while there will be no Armenians.

With a good wife and \$10,000 an hour for talking to the Supreme Court, Benjamin Harrison ought not to miss a second Presidential term much.

Both the Congressional Chaplains are blind; but this is not so lamentable as if they were like those Congressmen who, having eyes, see not.

A great newspaper circulation is attainable in a city like St. Louis. This has been fully demonstrated by the Post-Dispatch.

Sweet little Ruth Cleveland wishes her papa were a policeman. Out of the mouths of babes may indeed come wisdom.

Paderewski's trousers are too short for him, but why should a man care for his pantaloons when his hair is long enough?

Perhaps it has been the War Cry of the Salvation Army that has kept back the flying squadrons of Great Britain.

The peculiarly exasperating state of many street crossings make soothing sermons quite necessary to-day.

Until woman wears a hat that she can put under the seat, she will never be sweet at the play.

With Shakers and deaconesses entering matrimony, what is to become of single blessedness?

Chicago continues to fall behind. At this date she has only 800,000 cats.

MEN OF MARK.

Mark Twain writes to a friend in Hartford that he went away in debt and will come back to a first cabin.

Judge Hughes, the famous author of "Tom Brown's School Days," is in somewhat indifferent health.

Col. F. C. Crocker of San Francisco will pay the expenses of the Lick observatory expedition to Japan to observe the eclipse of the sun next summer.

The income of Stratton, the Cripple Creek mining millionaire, is now estimated at \$150,000 a month. It all comes from the independence mine, which he once tried to sell in vain for \$100,000.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is slowly recovering from the recent injury to his foot. He held his New Year's reception in Sofia in bed. The Princess Louise stood by his bedside and welcomed their callers.

Senator Wolcott is described as looking enough like Olney to be his brother, although he is much younger in years than the Secretary. Senator Wolcott is a man of very engaging personality and of great popularity in the Senate. As a speaker he is witty to the point of sarcasm.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mrs. Chilton, wife of the Texas Senator, is a tall and strikingly handsome brunette, and her striking features are given him a "loving cup" as a token of remembrance.

Mr. Palmer, with whose company he has been for twenty-five years past, made a nice little speech about him, and altogether the hale old veteran of sock and buskin had a gem of an evening.

How blessed are those men and women who find their vocation so congenial that it makes them forget themselves and the monotony of purposeless existence! They never have to confront that grim query: "Is life worth living. Nor are they among the unhappy who are driven to answer it in the negative by the dreadful final verdict of self-destruction.

It is love of one's art that makes life bright and happy and full of interest. And it must be pure love of one's art that makes a great violinist respond to almost unlimited encores so readily as did Mr. Marisek at the Choral Symphony Concert last Tuesday evening.

Did you ever see such a fellow? Apparently Mr. Marisek went on the theory that he could stand as much fiddling as his audience, and so he fiddled and fiddled until it seemed a shame to ask him to fiddle more.

It was hearty, and genuine, too, and I was not surprised to read of Marisek that when he gets a bow in his hand and a violin under his chin he doesn't think of "technique" or "timbre" or whatever it is that critics demand, but only of the spirit of the composition he is playing and the fact that it is a delight to play it.

Is this treason against the conventional?

It isn't often that hardened criminals are led to voluntarily do street cleaning work on the straight and narrow path of righteousness for the benefit of the righteous, but here's an exception:

Mrs. Jane Houston, a Wellfleet, Neb., banker's wife, stood up at a camp meeting service the other night and declared that she had discarded her diamonds and jewelry. She considered it ungodly to wear them. She added that she possessed \$1,000 worth and described the place at home where they were kept.

A quiet stranger in the congregation immediately arose and withdrew. He went to Mrs. Houston's house, stole the diamonds and jewelry and fled, after leaving a note to the effect that he committed the theft to "redeem" her from the good woman.

What is the moral of this, my brothers? That every life thought and word has its influence for good or evil in this world? Or that by attending revivals, acute and attentive burglars may sometimes "hear of something to their advantage?"

I do not know which to pity most, Anna or Stella Perry. They were twins in New York. It's bad enough to be one in New York, but to be twins there—horror! However, that's not what I started out to say.

They loved Tom Stiffins. He courted both of them, but finally decided upon marrying Anna. Stella, in her despair, became a Living Picture in a music hall. She was to have been a housekeeper in the Tom Stiffins-Sister Anna ménage. Which was worse? But this, too, is another story.

Tom Stiffins was a twin again as a Living Picture. He loved her twin—again. Can a man thus play nine-pins with twin sisters—all down in one alley, set up in the other? Anyway, he re-joined "twins," and last week the first thing New York knew it was short on Living Pictures. Stella and Anna had been courted.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

A system of benevolence that does not include education and healthful social amusement and recreation is incomplete and imperfect. The disbursement of things to gratify material wants accompanied by efforts to improve the mental and moral condition of the beneficiaries and no evidence of friendly inquiry into the causes of their poverty is a charity scheme that begets pauperism.

Or Vice Versa.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

A New York paper wants to know "whether the new woman when she proposes will go upon her knees." Well, we'd rather bet that she will go on her knees.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The report that "Gen." Booth has recalled "Commander" and Mrs. Ballington Booth because "they were getting into society" is very perplexing. Don't "society" people want to get into society?

THE PASSING SHOW.

Do you observe that dear old St. Louis apparently does not propose to be behind any other city in the line of celebrities and great news happenings?

Not even England can outdo us with her Tichborne claimant. Was it not from St. Louis that Peralta-Reavis started out to claim half of Mexico?

New York had her Marlborough-Vanderbilt nuptials. Didn't we come right to the front with the Busch-Von Gontard affair?

Chicago and New York were making a great hullabaloo over the men and ships they were going to send to Cuba. Didn't Capt. Rosser Hoester of St. Louis beat 'em all in getting there?

Barney Barnato as the "King of the Klaffers" is the toast of all social London. Isn't Col. C. Jeff Clark of St. Louis in South Africa right now, amassing millions so fast it makes his head swim?

The Republican National Convention of '96 is expected to be the most eventful and exciting for sixteen years past. Haven't we got it?

But why go on with the list? I merely mention these few instances to show that St. Louis is strictly keeping up with the procession.

And now we've got our own Svengali, and his name is Svengali!

Svengali! Just think of it!

Isn't the very name itself rich in its suggestion of mystery—a fascinating combination of Svengali and Jean Valjean? And the man who accuses Svengali of hypnotic soul-mastery is named Hylavin!

Why, these very names are enough to tempt anyone into writing a weird and blood-dripping "denny dreadful" just to fit round 'em.

Honestly, what the deuce do you suppose has been going on in those locked apartments of Svengali in that So-called street tenement of which Hylavin tells the rooms from which issued "midnight groans and shrieks" and "strange men armed with pokers and sledge hammers," hearing and seeing which drove Hylavin off his head?

And why does Hylavin think Svengali is "a devil incarnate," who is psychically urging him to kill his wife and babies and himself?

I tremble as I await an answer.

Was poor Frank Owen, the Southern Hotel suicide, an end-of-the-century product?

Dying by his own act, after a night of absinthe and cards, with a touching love-poem and a message to the girl he loved found among the papers left by him, with a cool smile on his lips until the very death-struggle began, with a written profession of his difference to death penned for his mother's eye—was all this one of the effects of the strain of present-day living?

And if the world, somehow or other, becomes more healthy and wholesome mentally at the opening of a new century, shouldn't we welcome A. D. 1900 with a sigh of genuine relief? Isn't a sane or happy world where young men commit suicide just for whim's sake.

That fine old actor, J. H. Stoddard of Palmer's company, keenly relishing life as he celebrates in New York the sixty-third anniversary of his first appearance on the stage, is a much pleasanter figure to contemplate.

His old friends gathered round him and toasted him this past week, giving him a "loving cup" as a token of remembrance.

Mr. Palmer, with whose company he has been for twenty-five years past, made a nice little speech about him, and altogether the hale old veteran of sock and buskin had a gem of an evening.

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From the Chicago Tribune.

**Enterprising Dealers in all Varieties
of Merchandise Expect Plenty
to Do This Season.**

Goodman King of Mermod-Jaccard Jewelry Co.: To my mind 1896 wound up the period of depression which has been the rule since 1893. From now on we may expect an active turn to come that will keep our merchants busy and labor throughout

to be encouraged at the outlook for the printing business. Except for the slight hesitancy to spend money shown by people by reason of the bond question, there is nothing to prevent everything to make the spring of 1934 the best from a business standpoint experienced in a number of years.

encouraging. January was twice as good a year as it was last. I cannot tell why it is so, but business is better than last year, and I think it will continue so. There

modation heretofore run to Wash- time-table of the owl cars on every street- car line in the city; in convenient form for the vast public.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

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particulars. I also want to point out.



THEY DID NOT FEAR ARREST.

Assailants of the Gillhaus Brothers Face the Coroner.

THE TRAGEDY IN THE COUNTY

Henry Segar and John Tegerman Spent the Day on Their Farm Under Technical Arrest.

William Gillhaus, a farmer, 35 years old, lies dead at his mother's farm house in St. Ferdinand Township. His brother Charles, three years his junior, is dangerously wounded with a dozen stab wounds in his back.

They had fought a deadly duel in the darkness Friday night with Farmer Henry Segar, 60 years old, and his son-in-law, John Tegerman.

The quartet fought because Segar and his son-in-law would not let the farmers drive across a private road that passed through their property.

Old man Henry Segar did the killing. His weapon was a pocket knife.

The news of the killing spread through the township during the night and early yesterday morning County Justice R. C. Schnecko of Spanish Lake visited the scene of the tragedy and held an inquest. Charles Gillhaus was the only witness to the encounter and what led up to it.

The verdict was self defense, and Justice Schnecko placed Segar and Tegerman under arrest. He did not take them into custody, preferring to wait until noon, when the county would arrive in the afternoon.

The two prisoners worked about their farm all day and chatted with the group of farmers that drove in to learn the particulars of the tragedy.

There was no ill feeling or threats of violence against Segar. It was known that no enemy existed between the parties to the quarrel and the farmers felt that if Segar's road was a private one he had a right to prevent trespassers.

For the past twenty years and more Henry Segar has lived in St. Louis County. He is 60 years of age, a married man with a family. Some years ago one of his daughters married John Tegerman and settled with her husband on a farm adjoining her father's.

This land is situated about two miles from the junction of the Columbia and Mississippi Rivers. As the crow flies, it is perhaps a half mile to the Missouri and a mile from the Mississippi.

To reach their farm from St. Louis, one must go out North Broadway and along the Columbia River road to the Webster road, which turns east and runs to the Mississippi. A mile and a half from the river, although it runs across private property, leads by turning south to Segar's place and on through to the farm.

The country people have been using this road as a public highway until it has come to be a matter of custom. Indeed, from its appearance one would imagine it to be a regular county road.

It was over the right to traverse this roadway that the terrible tragedy of Friday night came.

Two years ago the Gillhaus boys, Charles and William, came to America and settled with their father on a farm next north of Segar's place. They were fine-looking, hardworking, stalwart fellows, who by their industry earned a good name among the country people.

Like the rest of the farmers, they were in the habit of using the road to Segar's farm. So doing they could save themselves a good three miles for otherwise they would have been obliged to take an almost abandoned highway which runs close along the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and west, intersecting the Columbia Bottom road.

From the information obtained upon this point, Segar has of late determined to put a stop to travel across his property.

He warned the neighbors, but despite this they persisted in taking the short cut. Then, more determined than ever, he put a heavy rail across the roadway, effectively barring passage unless it were removed.

It was where this rail was placed that the deadly battle of Friday night was fought.

In the morning Will Gillhaus had driven his team of two horses over his neighbor's road, and his wife, Mrs. Gillhaus, was in the lumber, with which he expected to make some repairs on their homestead. Segar saw him and his wife, and he knew the passage when he returned at night.

The young man, who was in the lumber and started back, little suspecting that he was going to his death.

His brother, Charles, knew about the time he was due, and when the hour approached he put the harness on their team and started on foot, carrying with him the private road ran into the Webster road.

The former is deep with mud, and Charles knew the team which had come all the way from St. Louis would be tired and would need assistance. So he went on, driving his horses ahead of him.

Segar saw the team, and he knew the time for action had come.

He went to the house of his brother-in-law and told him to make ready.

Armed with clubs they moved off down to where the rail was placed, for here they had decided to make their stand.

It was dark by this time.

The sun had set in silence, waiting and listening for the coming of the brothers.

By and by, just about 7 o'clock, they could hear the crunching of the wheels through the deep, heavy mud and the labored breathing of the four horses as they tugged at their load.

Then there came to them the familiar voices of the speaker, and the animals forward, eager to get home and rest for the night.

These were the men for whom the father and son-in-law were keeping their lone some vigil.

A minute or so later the negro and the four-horse team held in sight. Will Gillhaus was driving, while Charles was on foot, handling the reins of the leaders.

Segar and Tegerman took a tighter grip on their clubs and waited.

When the Gillhaus saw the bar across their way, they pulled up their horses. Charles started forward to throw it down, and then from out of the darkness the two figures loomed up.

Their clubs they carried over their shoulders. The two Germans thought they were shotguns, but they were not deterred in their purpose to run the barricade.

Then followed a angry argument. The wit old Segar was determined and would not yield a point.

Finally Will Gillhaus became angry.

"Throw down the bar," he called to Charles, for the speaker was still on his horse.

Charles dropped his line and moved forward. There was an angry snarl from each man and then they came together.

As they struggled with each other in the darkness Segar saw his son-in-law's assistance and Will Gillhaus, thinking to frighten both men away, drew his revolver and fired twice.

But Segar did not mind it. He kept right on.

Then Will sprang from the wagon. Segar heard him leap and turned to face him. In another second they were at it fighting desperately.

Here in the night the four men fought. It was man to man at first on a honest combat. Backward and forward they slipped and struggled in the deep mire of the road, with no one to see them and with the rain falling on their hot, feverish faces.

Finally Tegerman went down before the strength of his opponent and as he realized his helpless position, thus prostrate on the back with the ugly, angry eyes of the younger Gillhaus glaring down at him and his fingers around his throat, he cried out:

for assistance to his father-in-law, who was still battling with the younger Gillhaus.

"What shall I do with my man?" shouted Segar to Tegerman, for he was being sorely pressed.

"Stick him," was the angry answer.

And stick him he did.

Drawing his pocket knife, he made two desperate lunges at his opponent's chest. The knife sank deep and the younger Gillhaus fell backward into the mud.

Then Segar was free for the other brother. Rushing across the road where he was choking the life out of Tegerman, the father-in-law raised his knife and struck.

Again and again he struck the blade into the back of the crouching man, until eight gashes were opened in his vital organs.

Then Charles sprang to his feet and staggered backward, utterly dazed, not even then knowing what had happened.

Against the wheel of his wagon Tegerman arose and he and Segar, without another word, plunged into the brush by the roadside and disappeared.

As soon as Charles recovered his breath he looked about him and saw his brother lying prostrate upon the ground, bleeding and moaning.

Hastily unfastening one of his horses he mounted it with difficulty and rode like mad to the house of John Lang, a neighboring farmer.

Here, in a few words, he told the story of the fight. Lang and his son hurriedly hitched up a spring wagon and drove to the scene.

Will Gillhaus was picked up and carried to his house, while Lang's son meanwhile mounted a horse and rode as fast as he could to Bissell for a doctor.

He found Dr. M. D. Schmalhorst, whose office is at 822 North Broadway, and who lives at Bissell. Together they set out for the Gillhaus farm.

It was 10 o'clock when the physician was notified. It was 11:45 when he arrived at the house.

Gillhaus had been dead fifty minutes.

He had died to death.

Had a physician been nearer or had anyone about him known what to do, the wounds would not have been fatal.

He had been stabbed twice. One thrust caught him just beneath the right collar bone and severed the artery at that point.

The other had gone in just above it.

His friends helplessly waited for the doctor's coming. His clothing had not even been changed, and they did not know the nature of his wounds.

It was some time after the fight before Charles Gillhaus realized that he was stabbed. His brother had died before it was known.

Then his friends noticed that his trousers were drenched with blood and he was immediately put to bed.

Dr. Schmalhorst has been for his recovery. He found eight wounds in his back. Seven of them entered right in the lower back, kidneys, showing that the knife had been plunged in, and drawn right out and again plunged in.

One of the wounds was a long gash in the buttocks.

By order of Night Chief Kely Mounted Officers O'Connor and McKenna of the St. Louis police force rode out in the early morning on Saturday morning and made an investigation of the murder, but no arrests were made.

Segar and Tegerman showed no disposition to make any excuses were out of the officers' jurisdiction.

The Gillhaus boys were natives of Germany. They came over two years ago with their aged mother and rented their little farm in Columbia Bottom.

They were poor, unmarried and thrifty.

Henry Segar is one of the wealthiest of farmers in the Columbia Bottom. He owns 300 acres of ground, is reputed to be worth \$25,000, and though he has been in the business for twenty years, he has five children. One of his daughters married John Tegerman in 1920.

THIS IS NO BOYCOTT.

But Wholesalers Who Don't Quit Retailing Will Lose Some Trade.

The St. Louis Butchers' Union wants the St. Louis wholesalers to stop retailing meats. The question has been agitated for months and an agreement has only been partially reached.

The Butchers' Union is composed of something like 300 members, about one-half the butchers of the city. At a meeting held two weeks ago it was decided that a boycott of the wholesalers should be made.

The boycott is a request that the wholesalers stop retailing and leave that to the butcher. The retailing of meat is a business which the wholesalers have been doing for years.

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THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INVISIBLE



Prof. Rontgen of the University of Wurzburg, Bavaria.

The recent discovery of Prof. Rontgen, Professor of Physics in the University of Wurzburg, Bavaria, which it is believed is destined to revolutionize photography, is the latest topic to claim the attention of scientists in Europe and America. By the Rontgen discovery, pictures may be taken of the interior of solid substances. The skull of man, the bones of the feet and hands, in fact, his entire skeleton may be photographed by the Rontgen process, showing how one would look with the flesh off his bones.

The Rontgen discovery is the latest in a series of discoveries which have been made in the field of photography. It is a discovery which has been made by a man who has been working in the field of photography for many years.

Prof. Rontgen recently sent to Prof. Schuster of Owensboro, Kentucky, a photograph of a human skull taken by the Rontgen process. The photograph shows a complete reproduction of a human skull, with the bones of the skull clearly visible.

MURDERED HER IN FOREST PARK.

Arthur Schneider's Strange Story of Killing a St. Louis Girl.

NO RECORD OF HIS CRIME.

After Killing Two Men in New Orleans He Confesses to an Earlier Crime.

The story of a murder, of which the police of St. Louis have no record, is told in a confession made by Arthur Schneider, formerly of St. Louis, to the New Orleans, La., authorities.

Chief of Detectives Desmond has been notified by telephone from New Orleans of the confession, and the details of the crime in the possession of the St. Louis police.

The confession is cold-blooded, and is told by a man under indictment in New Orleans for two murders committed there.

A young man of great promise in Germany, graduate of a high school and gifted in many respects, Arthur Schneider came to St. Louis in 1918, and he has since been in the city.

In New Orleans, shot and killed Herman Burkhardt, a Jewish man, and a woman, who he had known for some time.

Schneider and his wife, who he had known for some time, were the only ones who had seen the body of the woman who he had killed.

The spot where the body was found is in the city of New Orleans, and the body was found in a field.

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JUDGE MURPHY PAID THE COSTS.

End of an Attempt to Disbar Attorney O. Percival Adams.

VITUPERATION ISN'T LAW.

The Magnate of the Court of Criminal Corruption Backs Out of a Legal Contest.

That Judge David Murphy realizes the wisdom of not courting the rays of the calcium light when one of his judicial acts is to be scrutinized, is shown by his apparently abrupt back-down in the case of Attorney O. Percival Adams.

It seems that the S-C's autocrat at least appreciates that though he may burlesque the judiciary in his own court-room and sit in judgment on his own contempt, his authority will not be as difficult, but scarcely so awkward, as if made in a court room under oath.

Yesterday Adams frequently adopted the attitude of a man who is not in a court room under oath.

Adams last night in filing a demurrer to the return, which was promptly sustained by Judge Filtrick. This gave Judge Murphy an inkling of the attitude of the S-C's autocrat.

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It Astonished and Delighted Decent New York People.

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**Reverend Spiher Wanted to Know
the Ages and Matrimonial Experi-
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The suppressed excitement, therefore, is

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WITH EAGER
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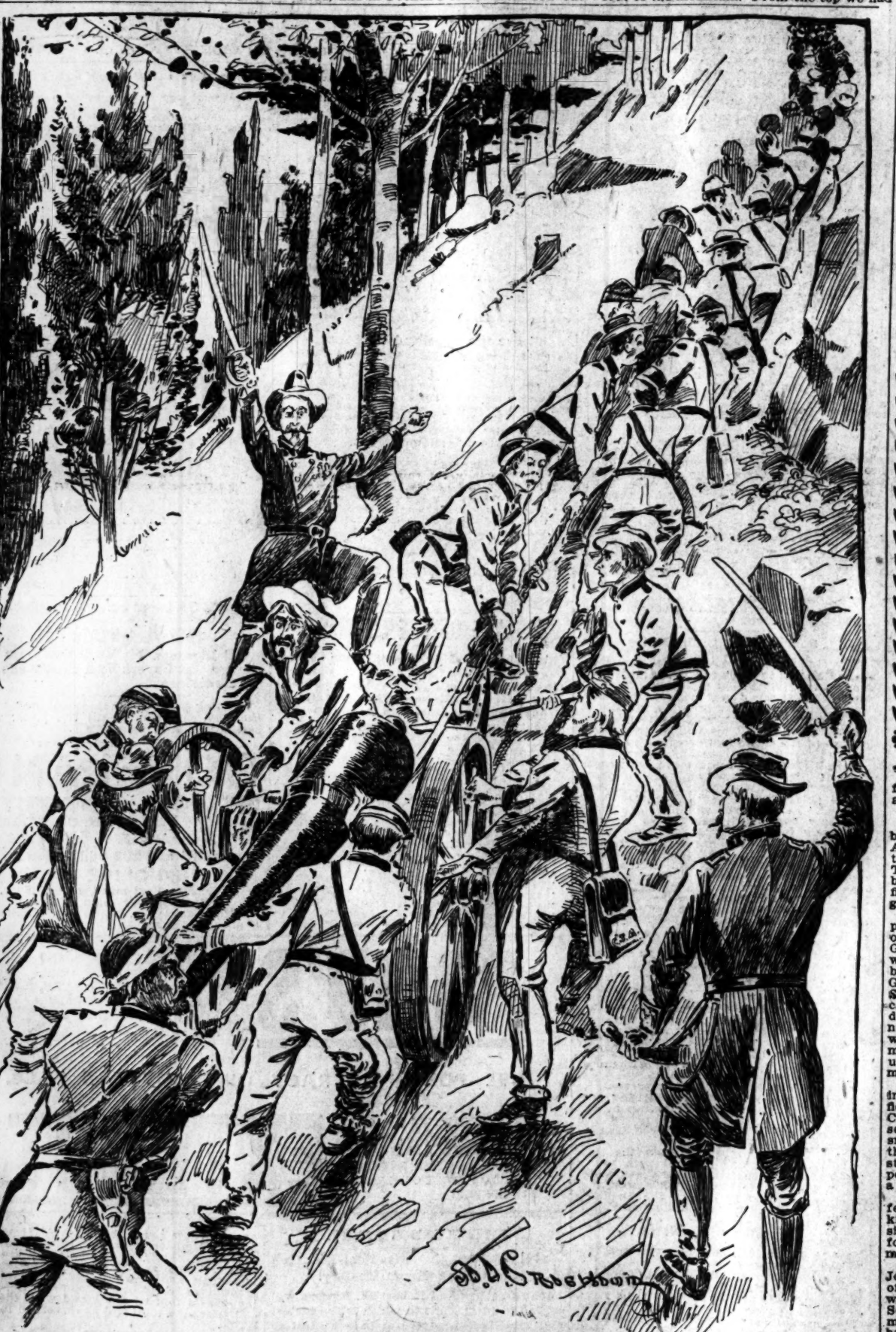
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GUIBOR'S BATTERY ON KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

Stirring Reminiscence of War Time Service by Missouri's Famous Confederate Cannoneers.

(Extract from MSS. of a Surviving Veteran.)

In the spring of 1864 Guibor's battery, with Gen. Cockrell's brigade of Missouri infantry, marched from Lauderdale Springs, Miss., to Rome, Ga., whence the guns were sent by rail, horses marching, being hurried on in advance of the infantry to re-enforce Gen. Johnston.



HOW THEY GOT THE GUNS UP KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

In Georgia merely to find a chance to desert, he gave the order, which was: "Infantry to leave at once; cavalry to move up to support the guns; to remain in battery until just before daylight; then muffle the guns and get away as fast as possible."

That he was being sacrificed, but he also felt that the safety of the entire line depended on his guns, and the work was continued until night, but at what a fearful cost! Four miles and eleven hours of marching; sixteen lost; only thirty under fire at one time, all others being ordered to the rear long before dark many of the drivers were called up to help serve the guns.

After this the remaining batteries of our battalions—Hoskins' Mississippi and Ward's Alabama—were brought up and daily duels took place between the batteries. The guns were temporarily disabled by shells. On the 23d of June, Capt. Guibor was placed in charge of the signal stations on the mountain top, and signalled to Gen. Johnston that about fifty guns were entrenched and ready for battle. The battery being case-mated. Next morning Gen. Johnston's chief of artillery and Maj. Storr, Gen. French's chief of artillery, came up to verify the report, which was doubted. "Well, you stay here a few minutes, and we will convince you," and commenced firing.

THE ONLY FIRE SALE

The Greatest Sale ever conceived. Day after day this wonderful sale grows in volume. Day after day the values grow greater and the prices grow smaller. Many unprincipled dealers—you can hardly call them merchants—are trying to steal our thunder. "Let the galled jade wince—our withers are unwrung!" Nobody is deceived. Ours is the only Fire Sale—all others are fakes. In spite of the enormous crowds, our great stock still holds out in every department, and these prices will give you an idea of how cheap everything is sold.

- China-ware. 50c English Underglaze Fire-proof Teapots, large size..... 10c 75c Decorated Cuspidors..... 24c 25c German and French China Fruit Saucers..... 5c 10c Handled Glass Beer Mugs..... 2c Kid Gloves. \$1.50 Kid Gloves..... 59c \$2.50 Kid Gloves..... 89c Jewelry. 75c Lever and Link Rolled Plate Cluff Buttons..... 15c 50c Sterling Silver Brooches..... 10c 50c Baby Pins, rolled plate, pair..... 10c 68c Gold-filled Set Rings..... 15c Handkerchiefs. Thousands at 3c and upward. 1 lot Silk Handkerchiefs, worth up to 50c..... 17c \$3.00 Men's Silk Seal Plush Caps..... 59c

- Jackets and Capes. THOUSANDS OF ELEGANT JACKETS. \$4.00 Jackets..... 99c \$7.00 Jackets..... \$1.99 \$12.00 Jackets..... \$2.29 Children's Jackets, worth up to \$10.00, for..... 99c and upward Dry Goods and Dress Goods. 50c Swivel Silk..... 14c Window Shades, on patent spring rollers..... 5c Pure White Cotton Batting per roll..... 3c 75c All-Wool Eliderdown..... 23c \$1.25 Linen Sheetings, 90 inches wide..... 49c Notions and Sundries. Belding's best 100-yard Spool Silk..... 4c Clarke's Mile-End Spool Cotton..... 3c Star Skirt Braid..... 1c S. H. & M. Velvetene..... 10c Colgate Toilet Water..... 39c

- Shoes. Hundreds of pairs, the finest Shoes for Ladies, Misses and Children. No trash in the lot. A fine lot at 25c. Our \$2.25 Shoes at \$1.15. Our \$5.00 Shoes at \$1.85. A big day for Shoes to-morrow. Men's Furnishings. All of our Men's Fine Linen Collars, worth up to 25c..... 5c 75c Men's Neckwear..... 15c 75c Men's Suspenders..... 15c 35c Men's Suspenders..... 9c \$1.50 Men's Fine Colored Shirts..... 49c Hosiery. 39c Ladies' Fast Black and Fancy Colored Hose..... 10c 75c Ladies' Fine Cashmere Wool Hosiery..... 19c 35c Men's Fast Black Hosiery..... 13c 50c Men's Fine Cashmere Wool Hosiery..... 15c Silk Ribbons, 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c. Worth 5 times what we ask. Knit Underwear. 75c Children's Knit Vests and Pants..... 19c \$1.25 Ladies' Natural Wool and Camel-hair Vests and Pants..... 39c 98c Children's Natural Wool Vests, Pants and Drawers..... 29c

THE SAN SIEGEL, FRANK & CO. Washington Ave. & Broadway. TEMPORARY STORE COR. SIXTH AND ST. CHARLES. No Goods Charged. No Goods Sent C. O. D. No Money Refunded. We Are Too Busy.

fell like hail among them and serious damage must have been inflicted. After this the remaining batteries of our battalions—Hoskins' Mississippi and Ward's Alabama—were brought up and daily duels took place between the batteries. The guns were temporarily disabled by shells. On the 23d of June, Capt. Guibor was placed in charge of the signal stations on the mountain top, and signalled to Gen. Johnston that about fifty guns were entrenched and ready for battle. The battery being case-mated. Next morning Gen. Johnston's chief of artillery and Maj. Storr, Gen. French's chief of artillery, came up to verify the report, which was doubted. "Well, you stay here a few minutes, and we will convince you," and commenced firing.

absolute safety and having an endless fire, the gunner could point with deadly coolness, and the range, simply from the top of the mountain to its base, was point blank. The gun being fired at extreme depression. After the assault was repulsed this gun had such a splendid range over the enemy's lines that its fire was continued nearly all day. Some 150 rounds were expended by the gunners, but at a short time this piece must have the credit of firing the major portion. The gun became so hot that none could touch it with the bare hand, and it was frequently cooled by wrapping it with wet blankets. Every spare thumb-stick and sponge-staff in the battery was turned out to keep the gun cool. In a natural excavation in the rocks, being lowered to the position by ropes, and the shooting was too good to lose the time of changing for another piece.

BRUIN WAS GAME. His Bloody Battle With Quarters Loaded Only for 'Possum. Special to The Post-Dispatch. EBONY, Va., Feb. 1.—Frank Layne, James Burchill and Peter Smith, with their dogs, started out "possum hunting" the other night. The night was clear and cold. Two miles had been covered when the dogs began barking and started off at top speed with their noses to the ground. "Hurry up," said Layne, as he broke into a run. The young men needed no second bidding. The dogs were off in the woods howling like mad. As the men drew nearer the snarling grew louder. A vigorous struggle against a soft body, followed by a howl of pain caused the hunters to make a fresh burst of speed. A minute later they came upon the scene; a bear sat with his big back against a tree and his paws sawing the air. In the fire of the torches his eyes glowed like balls of fire. "Kill him, Pete," shouted Layne. Smithers fired both barrels of his gun at the bear, who leaped in the air with a howl of pain, and then made straight for Smithers, who in less than ten seconds was rolling over on the ground with the brute. "Kill him," said Layne, as he rushed forward with the weight of the bear and the dogs. Layne thrust his torch in the bear's face, and with a snarl the bear sat up and tumbled over backward. In an instant the dogs were tearing at its throat, but the bear was soon on all fours again. Smithers' clothing hung in shreds and his face was smeared with blood. "I'd be hurt you," said Layne. "No, but the blood of his face where the shot struck him blinded me. He was so close to the open space all panning hand, as one of the dogs made a leap at the bear, the bear was soon on all fours again. Layne seized a stone and hurled it with all his might at the bear, hitting him on the head and knocking him over. Burchill sprang at the bear and began beating it. "Now we have him," said Smithers, but he made a mistake. The bear, instead of being killed, only straightened himself up with phenomenal suddenness. The men and dogs were unprepared for this and before they could get out of the way they were all sprawling on the ground. Before they could rise the bear made off in the darkness to the woods. Less than a week ago Smithers concluded the story of the fight with the remark: "The next time we go 'possum hunting you can bet we will go loaded for bear."

THE DOCTORS WONDER. Special to The Post-Dispatch. SOMERVILLE, N. J., Feb. 1.—A giant negro who has lived for five weeks with a fractured skull and a partially broken neck is exciting the wonder of the doctors of the Muhlenberg Hospital. The man is hourly expected to die. Jack Chubb, the injured man, lived at South Bound Brook, where he was noted for his strength. On Christmas eve he went to the Lime Kiln Club hall. The hall broke up in a free fight. When going home he was set upon by three men and clubbed. He remained unconscious a week from the effects of the beating and then his jaws were locked and he could not tell who his assailants were. After several days he gave their names and two were arrested and confined in the jail. Recently his condition became worse and he was taken to the hospital, where he was discovered his skull was fractured and that the spinal column was splintered. P. D. Almanac Booming. T. J. Weir, the Post-Dispatch dealer at Taylor, Tex., wires "Send fifty Almanacs."

When we came up all was quiet below. Our enemies were riding and walking about underneath us, unconscious of impending danger, when we let slip the dogs of war upon them, and I am confident we did much damage. "Ere the sun hid its glaring beams behind the broad brow of Pine Mountain, not a tent was left in range of us. Not a wagon; not an ambulance; not a battery; not a single man or animal was left to show themselves. Not a gun replied to us that day, but the next morning they had twelve heavy Parrott guns planted to bear on our little four-gun battery. An artillery duel was commenced which lasted half the day, and resulted in us in the death of Lieut. E. D. McBride, the best lieutenant in the battery."

DR. STOECKER RESIGNS. Disagreements on the Subject of Christian Socialist Reform. BERLIN, Feb. 1.—Rev. Dr. Stoeker, the late Court Chaplain, has resigned from the Managing Committee of the Conservative party owing to disagreements on the subject of Christian Socialist reform. Bank Statement Analysis. NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—The New York Financial News says this week: "There was less change in the statement made by the associated banks of New York for the week ending Feb. 1 than had been expected. The decrease in loans was only nominal, compared with the heavy liquidation which has been going on without interruption for weeks past. The banks report a gain of \$121,000 in the week ending Feb. 1, although the interior movement must have increased their holdings in specie was only \$200,000. It would be interesting to know how much of this was in gold and what proportion it was to be interpreted in a general sense, means more than anything else that the banks have made ample preparations to meet the new loan. They held at the close of the week an excess cash reserve of \$3,000,000, as compared with about \$10,000,000 during the middle of December. They have reduced their loans over \$4,000,000 and they have \$15,000,000 more in cash holdings than at the time mentioned."

A Looter Sentenced. Special to The Post-Dispatch. TINA, Mo., Feb. 1.—Yesterday Charles Davis pleaded guilty to petit larceny and in Justice Merriam's court was given three months in the county jail. Davis had stolen a lot of clothing, jewelry, watches, guns and other things from N. Hollister, who was arrested at Chillicothe.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. David Smith.....4150 Kountz av. Bettie Williams.....4150 Kountz av. Thomas F. Chapman.....202 Olive av. Mary H. Graham.....17 N. Beaumont. John A. Miller.....2741 Geary av. Mary K. Kead.....2741 Geary av. Gottfried Muffert.....1230 Chippewa av. Francis Lachy.....1230 Chippewa av. One on within but made off in the darkness to the woods. Less than a week ago Smithers concluded the story of the fight with the remark: "The next time we go 'possum hunting you can bet we will go loaded for bear."

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

For Prompt Responses, Advertise Your Wants in the Post-Dispatch Classified Columns.

FENCING IS QUITE A FAD!



And if you're to flourish
the foil with dexterous hand,
P.D. Wants Will
Find You a Teacher.

Shakespeare says:
"Rust is the fencer's toll,
while he, but he, but he!"

When Shakespeare wrote this he was NOT
thinking of the RESULTS that
Post-Dispatch Wants produce.

Any Drug Store in St. Louis is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for the Post-Dispatch.

SITUATIONS WANTED-MALE

ANY drug store is authorized to receive want advertisements for the Post-Dispatch.

ACCOUNTANT-Wanted, set of books to keep by expert accountant; references No. 1; salary moderate. Address P 986, this office.

BOOKKEEPER-Wanted, by a young man position as bookkeeper and stenographer. Add. P 986, this office.

BOY-Wanted, position by a poor boy, good at drawing; would like a place in architect's office; would some one in that line please give me a life chance. Reply. Add. P 986, this office.

BOOK-KEEPER-Situation wanted by cashier bookkeeper, 15 years' experience. Add. C 999, this office.

BOY-Sit wanted by strong boy of 17 in wholesale or retail shoe house; can come well recommended from former employer. Add. C 999, this office.

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SITUATIONS WANTED-MALE

MAN-Sit wanted by reliable man; suburban or city; good references. Add. P 986, this office.

MAN-Wanted, situation in wholesale or retail shoe house; good references. Add. P 986, this office.

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HELP WANTED-MALE

SALESMAN-Wanted-A first-class salesman to sell Dayton carpeting in Missouri; must have some capital; exclusive territory given. Apply with refs. 702-704 Alamo bldg.

SALESMAN-Wanted-Salesman and agent to take the agency for our celebrated Macintoshes; good thing for business; light work and good pay; write at once for particulars and terms. The A. C. C. Co., 1110 N. 1st St., Cincinnati, O.

SALESMAN-Wanted-Experienced salesman and office man by manufacturing company; give age and experience. Add. C 999, this office.

SALESMAN-Wanted-Traveling salesman desiring to carry staple side line. Add. S. C. 411, Olive St., St. Louis.

SALESMAN-Wanted-Salesman and agent to take the agency for our celebrated Macintoshes; good thing for business; light work and good pay; write at once for particulars and terms. The A. C. C. Co., 1110 N. 1st St., Cincinnati, O.

SALESMAN-Wanted-Experienced salesman to sell shoes in St. Louis; good pay and commission. Add. C 999, this office.

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SITUATIONS WANTED-FEMALES

DRESSMAKER-Young lady desiring a little more experience would like the position of first-class dressmaker; small salary. Add. P 986, this office.

DRESSMAKER-First-class dressmaker would like more engagements at \$1.00 per day. Add. M 530, this office.

DRESSMAKER-Widow, 40 years of age; last-class cutter and sewer; wages \$1.00 per day. Add. P 986, this office.

DRESSMAKER-First-class dressmaker will sew in families at \$1 per day; a good at guaranteed. Add. P 986, this office.

FAMILIES can get girls and girls places and lodging. 1608 Wash St.

GOVERNOR-Situation wanted as governess to small children; can teach music, dancing and fancy work if desired; terms reasonable. Add. P 986, this office.

GIRL-Would like the position as clerk or waitress in a hotel or restaurant; address for one week. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEMAID-Responsible woman desires position as housemaid and seamstress; very reasonable. 2715 Howard St.

HOUSEKEEPER-Refined widow would like position as housekeeper for widower; will be respectable. Add. H 985, this office.

HOUSEKEEPER-Position by a young widow as housekeeper in home of widower with children; references given. Add. H 985, this office.

HOUSEKEEPER-Widow lady wants situation to keep house for nice gentleman; a neat housekeeper; or hotel, city or country; best ref. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEKEEPER-Wanted, situation by neat colored girl of 15 to do light housework of any kind. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEKEEPER-Wanted, situation by elderly lady to keep house for small family. 1607 Carr St.

HOUSEWORK-Situation wanted to do light housework. Add. 1547 Tower Grove St.

HOUSEGIRL-Widow wants situation for general housework. 2610 Chevalier St., St. Louis.

HOUSEKEEPER-Sit, as working housekeeper in family; \$1 per week. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEWORK-Sit, by woman to do housework. Apply 1557 S. 2d St., upstairs.

HOUSEKEEPER-Widow, 34, desires situation as housekeeper or waitress; references given. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEKEEPER-Situation wanted for general housework; references given. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEWORK-Sit, by refined widow as light housework or any other position where can get home and wages. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEKEEPER-Sit, by experienced woman as housekeeper or nurse; best of ref. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEKEEPER-Position as housekeeper in private family or hotel by refined, industrious lady. Add. P 986, this office.

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SITUATIONS WANTED-FEMALE

OFFICEWORK-Sit, to do office work or writing; can operate typewriter; experienced. Add. P 986, this office.

SEAMSTRESS-Competent seamstress wishes sewing in families; children's clothes and wash sewing. 2222 Locust St.

SEAMSTRESS-Situation wanted to do family work; guarantee satisfaction; go out to take orders. Add. P 986, this office.

SEAMSTRESS-Wanted, work in families by first-class cutter and sewer. Add. P 986, this office.

SEAMSTRESS-Wanted, situation by a first-class seamstress in the east; superior; (Hemstitching); moderate salary. Add. P 986, this office.

STENOGRAPHER-Wanted, position by competent lady stenographer wishing to make change. Add. P 986, this office.

STENOGRAPHER-Wanted, situation by experienced stenographer; good German correspondence; references given. Add. P 986, this office.

SALES LADY-Position as saleslady in dry goods store; references given. Add. P 986, this office.

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HELP WANTED-FEMALE

HOUSEGIRL-Wanted-German girl for general housework; small family. 3710 Page St.

HOUSEGIRL-Wanted-Girl for general housework; small family. Add. P 986, this office.

HOUSEGIRL-Wanted-A girl to do general housework at 4303 Pine St.

HOUSEGIRL-Wanted-Girl to do general housework; small family; German preferred; call after 5 o'clock. Monday. 2617 Chestnut St.

HOUSEGIRL-Wanted-Girl to assist with housework; small family; good home for nice girl. 2014 E. 1st St.

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CITY REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

TEETH WITHOUT FLATS.

DR. SHOBER
SPECIALIST.

Absolutely painless extracting of teeth, 25c no sore mouth; no after pain.

ALBANY DENTAL CO.
214 N. 7th. S. W. corner Othman Bldg.

Estate (no delay or red tape).

TEAMS—Two teams, wagon and harness. 2807
Horse and harness. 2808
Horse—A good black horse, at a bargain! First-class
traveler. 1028 Market st.
HORSE—For sale, horse and double buggy, at a bargain.
2022 Franklin av.
HORSE—For sale, chestnut bay horse, 6 years old,
sound, good for all work. 1801 Myron st.
HORSE—For sale, horse for delivery wagon. M. W.
Cor. Hogan and O'Fallon sts.
HORSES—For sale, 7 head horses from \$8 up, 2
single harness, 2 double harness, 2 double harness,
2 single harness, 2 one-horse stake wagons, 2
hack wagons, 1 surrey coupe will seat any horses or
vehicles you may have. Call on me for particulars.
2133 Franklin av.
HORSE—For sale, horse, or will trade for good top
buggy. 830 S. 8th st.

Main st., 3-story building	\$80 00
4th st., corner Cedar, with rooms ..	50 00

ONYX—For sale, pure, buggy and harness, good will separate, at 1214 N. 7th st.

STALLIONS—For sale, 2 fine redheaded Percheron stallions, 4 years old, bred by J. H. Pechonard; will sell on easy terms at low prices.

ADGON—H. L. Block, 601 Center Rd., St. Louis.

WAGON—For sale, one-horse coal wagon, horse and harness, \$100.00. Tel. 1703 st.

WAGON—For sale, one-horse coal wagon, including wheel discs Kossuth ave. and Rock st.

STORM BUGGIES.
EMERSON M'LEAH, 1517-35 Olive st.

DANCING.

DANCING—All the latest dancing taught by Mrs. J. A. Kossuth. Thursday and Saturday afternoon, 7113 Kossuth ave.

DANCING—New town Louis Mather Dancing School at 7201 Olive st. and 12th st. Tel. 1703 st. Afternoons at 2:30 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Mon., Tues., Wednesdays, afternoons; evenings, particular attention given to the latest dances.

DANCING—Graham's new waltz system, copyrighted; teaches directly, no fallows; 1200 Olive st. at all hours. Call Dancing Hall, 1509 Olive st.

DANCING—Albany Hall, Garrison and Cass avenues, Wednesday evening openings; good music and good food. Free admission. Tel. 1703 st.

DANCING—Prof. H. M. Adams' grand music and dancing at Orlin's Cave Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 5; popular prices; special programme.

DANCING—J. F. E. PARKER, the most graceful teacher of the waltz in the city; popular prices; special programme. Tel. 1703 st. Monday or evening; see ad on rec. on p. 12. Tel. 910 st., room 12.

DANCING—Miss Lillian Palmer has removed her dancing school to 1214 N. 7th st.

or rent, fine farm; 160 acres, \$3 per acre, barn and improvements; all under fence

MS. STELLA MIDDLETON, dancing academy,
 2800 Olive st.; adult classes Monday and Thurs-
 day evenings; beginners' classes Tuesday evenings.
 Adults, Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Ball
 to be taught for novice or club or very expe-
 rienced. Adult classes at 8:30 and 10:30. Youth
 afternoon and Saturday morning.

JOHN E. M. ADAMS, dancing academy, 5715
 Washington av.; one term, 10:30 to 11:30 p.m.
 Fall. Beginner, novice.

HE WOOD AND WON AND WEDDED AND TWO WOMEN.

He Wood and Won and Wedded
Them Both.

CONFESSED WHEN ARRESTED

George O. Vaughan Locked Up for
Marrying Minnie Mingham
Then Annie Kodat.

Love for two women has put George O. Vaughan, often known as Oscar Stansberry, into a peck of trouble. Vaughan is a bigamist by his own confession and the corroborating evidence of two marriage certificates.

Of late he has been living with wife No. 2 at 121 Allen Market Lane, but now he is a guest of Chief of Detectives Desmond at the Four Courts.

Vaughan was arrested Saturday afternoon by Detectives Guion and Bambrick in a barber shop at 1935 Franklin avenue. He was taken from there to the Four Courts and brought face to face with both his wives. On entering the Chief's office and suddenly being confronted by the two women, Vaughan collapsed. For several minutes he couldn't open his mouth. Then he broke down completely and confessed all.

On June 5, 1934, George O. Vaughan wedded Minnie Mingham, a hard working, good

lucky. I want him back again. I love him dearly and could forgive him anything."

In telling her side of the story Annie Kodat, wife No. 1, said: "It is over nine months since I first met Vaughan. I was on the line on the South line introduced me to him. He called on me regularly. He was often at my mother's house, 2023 South Eleventh street, where I was living. He made love to me and asked to marry me and I accepted him. Then he gave me an engagement ring. I heard in the meantime he was a married man and asked him about it. He denied it. So we were married and went to Louisville to live.

"George made money in a barber shop he opened there, and we were getting along in good shape. I became homesick and wanted to come home. We came back and went to housekeeping at 121 Allen Market Lane, George going to work in a barber shop at 1935 Franklin avenue.

"He is a wretch and I want to see him punished. Then my baby, that is soon to be born, will be without a father."

Vaughan refused to discuss the matter at length. He admitted being married to both the women, but said Annie Kodat forced him to marry her. He also said he told her at the time that he did not love her. This last assertion Annie strenuously denied.

Before being locked up Vaughan said he has been married three times during his 30 years of life and that his first wife is now in heaven.

During the interview in Chief Desmond's office the women nearly came to blows. Mrs. Vaughan No. 1 asked if she could get her husband back. The Chief told her wife No. 2. The Chief told her to wait until Monday. Then she wanted to know if she could get a ring of hers that George had given to wife No. 2.

"The ring don't belong to you," said No. 2, jumping to her feet. "George gave it to me as an engagement ring."

"It does belong to me," said No. 1, her eyes flashing fire. "I gave it to him myself."

"No," she answered.

"Did you get one?" turning to No. 2.

"Yes," said No. 1, and she showed Vaughan proudly exhibited two rings, presents from her husband.

"I don't want the feelings of No. 1 that she burst into tears and nearly went into hysterics."



JULIA ARTHUR.
(A Member of Henry Irving's Company Who Has Many Friends and Relatives in St. Louis.)

TROUBLE BREWING AMONG SOLDIERS. CHOUTEAU GREW TIED OF LIZZIE.

Lieut. George B. Paxton Thinks
He Is Badly Treated.

Midwife Hotson Deserted by Her
Aristocratic Husband.

HE WILL HAVE A TRIAL.

SANFORD HAS SKIPPED OUT.

Mysterious Arrest and Arraignment of
an Officer of Co. F, N. G. M.,
by Col. Batdorf.

First Lieutenant George B. Paxton of Co. F, First Regiment Infantry, N. G. M., on Jan. 22 was detained and ordered under arrest by Col. Batdorf.

This caused considerable excitement among the members of the company.

It was given out that charges had been preferred against him by Capt. E. V. Walsh of Co. F. This caused more gossip, as the two men had been boon companions and it was through Lieut. Paxton that Capt. Walsh joined the company.

The order for the trial was issued by Adjutant General J. A. Wickham at Jefferson City yesterday, as follows:

Special order No. 12:

A court-martial is hereby ordered to convene at the headquarters of the First Regiment, National Guard of Missouri, at the Armory, Seventeenth and Pine streets, in the city of St. Louis, Mo., at 12 o'clock noon, Monday, Feb. 17, 1936, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of First Lieutenant George B. Paxton, Co. F, First Regiment, Infantry, National Guard of Missouri. Detail for the court: Maj. Alfred Q. Schultze, First Infantry; Capt. Charles W. Holcomb, First Infantry; Capt. Clarence A. Sinton, First Infantry; Capt. Harry Hinton, First Infantry; First Lieutenant Fred S. Charlott, First Infantry; First Lieutenant Edgar A. Kreidler, First Infantry; First Lieutenant Leroy K. Robbins, First Infantry; First Lieutenant George B. Paxton, First Infantry; First Lieutenant James L. Johnson, Light Infantry; Capt. Clifford B. Allen, First Infantry, Judge Advocate. The court will sit without regard to hours.

"By command of the Governor.

"Adjutant-General."

Lieut. Paxton says he doesn't quite understand the whole thing himself. He said that it was not generally known that Capt.

Sanford had been a wild blade all his life. He had been a wild blade all his life. He had been a wild blade all his life.

Sanford himself seemed to have felt some shame for the marriage was so sudden. He had been in the city of St. Louis, Mo., at 12 o'clock noon, Monday, Feb. 17, 1936, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of First Lieutenant George B. Paxton, Co. F, First Regiment, Infantry, National Guard of Missouri.

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DOESN'T SHOW HER REAL SEX.

But Pauline Sheldon Pretends to
Be a Woman.

STILL SHE HAS A WIFE.

Detectives Arrest a Remarkable Freak
for Not Confining Her Exhibitions
to Men of Science.

Pauline Sheldon is in doubt whether she is man or woman.

She was arrested last night and was ready to wish she was neither.

Miss Sheldon exhibits herself as a freak before medical colleges for seven and, incidentally, to whoever will pay to see her. She has bills gotten up on the order of circus parades, in which she is exploited as the "World's Greatest Freak." She even boasts a manager.

Miss Sheldon is a native of Lenox, Mass., where her father is a brick manufacturer. Sheldon is not her real name. She refuses to disclose her identity out of regard for her family.

She lives in Chicago with a woman who passes for her wife. This woman, she says, is the wife of William Fox. She met Mrs. Fox in New York four years ago. They became acquainted of each other and eloped.

The female mistress of Pauline conducts a disorderly house in Chicago and Pauline has lived with her ever since the elopement, except on the occasions when she goes on money-making tours through the country.

Pauline arrived in St. Louis on December 15 last. She says she has exhibited at the Beaumont, St. Louis, Physicians and Surgeons, Woman's Hospital and other medical colleges.

She charged the students 50 cents each, but for her husband she was admitted to the exhibition she made a reduced rate of 25 cents.

She is a freak Pauline is really an interesting study to scientists.

She is perhaps the most complete specimen of a dually sexed person in the country. It is difficult for a medical expert to determine which sex predominates.

If it had not been for her exhibitions to medical colleges a virtuously indignant constabulary would not have confined her behind bars of the police station.

But Pauline has been improving the shining hours when she was not engaged at medical colleges, or in hitting the pipe at

the various saloons and wine rooms.

There were thirty or forty there and Pauline made a big hit.

There was a more or less private scene over the Peoria, Ill. Washington avenue where the gaily executive committee of the Republican party in St. Louis are wont to gather.

She also showed at a saloon on South Broadway and elsewhere.

The woman put up at the Hotel Waverly, Eighth and Market, and she also gave exhibitions there to whoever came. It got to be common talk among the rounders, and parties were made up to visit the woman at her room, and arrange to have her at some saloon.

Scully heard a lot of men in Pool Alley talking of having seen her. He called at the hotel in the guise of a stockman, and really arranged with her to bring some other stockmen to see her on Saturday night. The other stockmen were Detective Kelly and Menay and one other.

Friday night they went up to Pauline's room in the Hotel Waverly between 8 and 9 o'clock.

Pauline entered with a festive smile and changed into a more demure dress.

She held whispered conversations with her manager after sitting up the crowd, and his opinion was that she was a man.

She went to bed and the detectives gave the exhibition and the detectives properly declared themselves.

Pauline wanted to know if the matter could not be squared when told she could not she asked if leaving town would be all right.

She was to leave Friday, but had stayed over to give an exhibition at the hotel.

As a last favor she asked to be allowed to walk or go in a carriage to the Four Courts and the police station. All of these petitions being denied, Pauline put on her corset, changed her dress, and waited for the wagon.

The manager gave his name as William Fraser.

He is a hanger-on at the race track and a pipe fiend. He left the hotel to see a friend and presently he returned with another pale-faced cadaverous pipe fiend named Dabbits, who is well known around Dope Alley.

Pauline was taken to the Four Courts in a patrol wagon and had a plain drunk picked up on the way down for company.

She had an interview with Chief Desmond. She found the Chief had her record, and that it was useless to deny she had been indicted exhibiting herself in saloons in Chicago. She was taken to the Four Courts and having been arrested in Cincinnati and Chicago, she was taken to the Four Courts.

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"A DILLAR, A DOLLAR, A NINE-O'CLOCK SCHOLAR."



MORNING SCENE ON THE HIGH SCHOOL BLOCK ON GRAND AVENUE.

THE MAN WHO WAS HANGED AT PIROCHE.

A Posthumous Short Story of Rare Interest by the Late Alexandre Dumas.

Do you know Piroche? You don't? Neither do I! So I shall not presume upon my knowledge by describing it to you, particularly as, between you and me and the post, descriptions are generally unmitigated bores.

So I shall only say that when the story I am about to tell you begins it is midday on a spring morning in the month of May, and that the road we are about to take is bordered on the right by thickets of broom and on the left by the sea. From this you will guess already that the bushes are green, that the sea is clamorous, the sky blue, the sun broiling hot and the road dusty.

I need only add that this road, which runs along the coast of Brittany, goes from La Piroche to Piroche, and that Piroche is a village which I know nothing about, but which is probably much like other country villages of Brittany. The date of the tale is the year 1416, and two men, one older than the other and both peasants, are going along the road, mounted on donkeys, who amble at a suit that suited the pleasure of donkeys with full-grown peasants on their backs.

"Do you think we shall get there in time?" said the son.

"Oh, yes, it is only a quarter past 12 by the sun, and the affair doesn't come off till 3 o'clock."

"It will be a curious sight."

"I believe you."

THE CRIME.

"And so the man is to be hanged in the suit of armor which he stole?"

"Yes."

"What the devil put it into his head to steal a suit of armor?"

"It is easier to have it in his head than"—

"In his possession," interrupted the son, who wanted to have his half of the joke.

"Then he didn't get it."

"Was the suit of armor very handsome?"

"Magnificent, they say; all inlaid with gold."

"And he was caught as he was carrying it off?"

"You see, this armor made a terrible row when it was being carried off; apparently it wanted to remain with its right owner."

"And, besides, it was made of iron."

"And they arrested the man?"

"Not at first. They began by being frightened out of their wits."

"Of course, that's always the way with people who are being robbed. If it wasn't for that the thieves would never get anything."

"And the victims would lose the excitement of being robbed. But these people didn't believe that they had a thief to deal with."

"And what, then?"

"A ghost. This accident, being a power-

ful fellow, carried the armor before him, lifting it high above his head, so that as he passed along the corridor he looked like an enormous giant. Besides that, the villain made a terrible noise, so you can imagine the fright of the servants. Unfortunately for him, however, the noise woke up their master, the Seigneur de la Piroche, who, fearing neither the living nor the dead, caught hold of the robber and gave him over, half strangled, to the arm of the law."

"Was his own. He condemned the man to be hanged, dressed in the suit of armor."

"Why did he insert that clause in the sentence?"

"Because the Seigneur de la Piroche is not only a brave soldier and leader of men, but a sensible fellow who wished to turn the sentence into an example for others, and last thing that touches the body of a man who is hanged brings good luck to the person who possesses it. So the Seigneur de la Piroche ordered the criminal to be dressed in his armor, in order to take it back again after the execution as a talisman of war."

"That was a clever idea."

"I believe you, my boy."

"Make haste, then. I want to see the poor fellow hanged."

"Oh, we've got plenty of time. It's 12 o'clock to the animals. We shall stop at Piroche; we have a league further to go, and then we'll go back to La Piroche."

"Yes; but our beasts will have five or six hours to rest, because we shall start till the evening."

THE PRISONER.

The father and son continued their way, chatting fast, and half an hour afterwards they arrived at Piroche. As the father had said, they were in good time. Are the fathers always in the right, I wonder?

The two companions drew as near to the gallows as they could, so as to lose nothing of the show, and waited with the others, having, however, the advantage of being mounted, so that they could see better with less fatigue.

They had not long to wait. At 1:45 o'clock the gate of the castle opened and the culprit appeared, preceded by guards and followed by the hangman.

The robber was accoutred in the stolen armor and mounted on a bareback donkey, with his face to the tail. His hands were tied behind his back, and if anyone wishes to know the opinion as to his state of mind, we say without hesitation that, to judge by his figure, for his face was hidden in the folds of the helmet, he was not at all at ease and was reflecting very sadly on his present condition.

The culprit was brought up to the scaffold, and a very disagreeable picture was limned upon the azure sky. The hangman put the ladder against the gallows, and the culprit, of the castle, mounting upon a platform prepared for him, read the warrant of execution.

The culprit remained immovable, as if he

were going to play a trick on the spectators by dying before he was hanged. The people yelled, ordering him to come down from his donkey and to give himself up to the hangman. He didn't stir an inch. We can easily understand his agitation. Then the hangman took him round the waist, lifted him from the donkey's back and placed him erect upon the ground. A smart fellow, that hangman.

THE DISCOVERY.

And, as they found themselves now on a rising ground, the two men turned to contemplate once more the melancholy picture. Twenty minutes after they rode into the little town whither they were going to receive some money and whence they would start in

THE EXECUTION.

When we say that he placed him erect upon the ground, the two men turned to contemplate once more the melancholy picture. Twenty minutes after they rode into the little town whither they were going to receive some money and whence they would start in

was neither broken nor cut, but just as it was before it was put around the culprit's neck. He wouldn't believe them and insisted upon assuring himself of the truth of their report. He was such a powerful lord that he felt sure that out of respect to him the culprit would be found still in his place, but he saw what the others had seen.

What had become of the dead man? For all the village had seen him die the evening before. Could another robber have carried him away for the sake of the armor? Per-

haps; but in that case he would have left the body behind.

Had the friends or relatives of the deceased taken him away to give him Christian burial? That might be, only that the dead man had neither friends nor relatives, and if he had, people so religiously attached would have the body, and left the armor.

Next morning at break of day two men-at-arms came out of the castle to cut down the corpse and to strip it of the armor. But they found something they did not expect at all, for, though the gallows and the rope were there, the body was gone. Another with the armor, and, what was very strange, the rope

was hanging from the gallows, and the body was hanging from the rope.

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A black and white woodcut-style illustration of three men in clerical attire. The man in the center wears a zucchetto and a cape, with his hands clasped. The man on the left has his right hand raised in a gesture. The man on the right has his left hand raised. All three wear ornate, patterned robes and pectoral crosses. The background is dark and textured.

**GRAY AND VENERABLE
AND RICH IN HISTORY.**

The changes have been remarkably few since, Bishop Rattall succeeded Bishop Durgan. In 1846, he went to Rome and was sent to Hawaii to carry out a diplomatic mission. While in Rome the second time, in 1841, he met Fr. Peter Richard Kenrick, who had gone there intending to apply for permission to enter the Jesuits' Society. He asked that Fr. Kenrick be appointed his coadjutor, and this was done. Fr. Kenrick's coadjutorship of Bishop Rattall succeeded him. In 1847 St. Louis was erected into an archdiocese and Fr. Kenrick was appointed its first archbishop. In 1848, Fr. Rev. James Durgan was appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Ken-

The old Cathedral is not only an old landmark of Catholicism. It is not devoid of architectural beauty in its interior, though sadly handicapped by its surroundings, and its interior has attractions unknown to many painters. The walls are covered with paintings of historical and artistic value. There is a painting of the baptism of Christ and one of Saint Louis, the titular saint given by Louis XVIII. of France, the cathedral having been consecrated "To the Virgin Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ, and in invocation of Saint Louis of France." The eastern chapel has an altar piece, St. Francis said to be by Paul Veronese, one of the century, kneeling before Christ; the other side of the altar is occupied by a picture of the western chapel has a picture of St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the order of the Sisters of Charity, wearing an angel's child.

There are also pictures representing the birth of Jesus, the flight into Egypt, and the Virgin holding the infant Jesus. The arched windows, if feet high, contain the figures of the twelve apostles, each with his symbol.

There is also an Altar Society, composed of ladies, which supplies the church with flowers, extra candles and other things which lighten the duties of the pastor. Mrs. Cornelius Collins is President and Mrs. J. C. Collins Secretary.

Archbishop James was born at Martinsburg, May 17, 1841. He received his classical education at St. Charles College, Maryland, and studied theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained priest by Bishop Hannis on June 27, 1866, in Baltimore, but he belonged to the parish of Richmond. While a priest he served parishes in Virginia and Maryland, the parish which extended as far as and including Mount Jackson, embracing twelve counties in western Virginia. His labors were making the young priest's position anywhere but a sinecure.

In 1870 he was made bishop of Wheeling, West Virginia, and in 1878, he became Archbishop Bailey of Baltimore in the place of Cardinal Gibbons. In 1900 he was made Cardinal Archbishop of St. Louis July 4, 1900, and Archbishop in May, 1901, on Sun day, June 2, 1901. He has been very successful in his work with appropriate carelessness and vigor.

They May Join Hands.
The thought of merges of Hebrew and Christian churches, at first, be laughed at and scoffed, yet it is a fact that some little discussion is going on in the Jewish papers as to what advantages would arise from an amalgamation of the Hebrew with the Christian Church. This discussion has been prompted by a book written by Miss Josephine Lassar on the "Spirit of the Age," which is the subject. The question has been made all the more interesting by an article in a well-known illustration in the East, by John W. Chadwick, in which he says: "The Jews are the only

The Free Pew System.
To be free, or not to be free? That is the question. Whether it is possible for a church to abolish pew rental and still support itself, is a topic of peculiar discussion and speculative importance. The religious press has given us little space and attention to the matter. With hardly an exception, those churches that have tried the free pew system pronounce it not only prac-

No Bigotry There.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the St. Hedwig, which is served by the Sisters of Charity. A recent annual report shows that during the year 1,000 persons were admitted to the hospital. Of this number 111 were Protestants, 111 were Catholics, and 778 were Jews. Of a truth there is no intolerance in that.

Religion in Ireland.

Ireland has about 1,000,000 Catholics, 500,000 Protestants. Catholics are the dominant force in the country. The Protestants have the ascendancy County of Antrim. A little over 10 per cent of the entire population are Protestants, and 90 per cent belong to the Church of Rome. One per cent are Unitarians.

THE FLOOD^{AT} THE GLOBE

Slightly damaged by water, caused by bursting of Automatic Sprinkler, and as the Insurance Companies have settled the loss we will almost give Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Cloaks and Millinery away to get the goods out of the way.

PRICES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. SALE OPENS AT 9 A. M. TO-MORROW.
None of these goods exchanged or sent C. O. D. during this sale.

	Men's	SLIGHTLY WET.	SLIGHTLY DAMAGED.	SLIGHTLY DAMP.
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Men's

AND

Boys' Clothing.

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS.

Ladies' Homstitched Handkerchiefs, fancy borders; also scalloped, with silk initials; worth 5c to 25c; choice.....30

Ladies' Fast Black Seamless Hose, worth 15c, at.....60

Ladies' and Children's Hose, odds and ends, mostly black, worth 5c and 6c; choice.....12c and 13c

Ladies' Heavy Ribbed Yests, worth 25c, at.....100

Ladies' Ribbed Wool Pants, worth 60c, at.....150

Ladies' Natural Wool Yests and Pants, worth 50c, at.....150

Ladies' and Children's Union Suits, worth 75c and 81, at.....350

Shopping Bags, all styles, Morocco and Bead Leather, worth 51, at.....50

Ladies' and Children's Wool Mittens.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Men's Seamless Mixed Sox, worth 10c, at 1-1-3c.

Men's Fast Black All-Wool Hose, worth 25c, at.....10c

Men's Plain White and Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs, worth 10c.....30

Men's Wire Buckle Suspenders, Grip Back, worth 25c, at.....30

Men's Embroidered Suits and Velvet Benders, worth 50c, at.....150

Men's 25c and 50c Silk Neckwear, 150c.....30

Men's Woven Flannellets Overall, worth 50c, at.....30

Men's Heavy Mixed Greenhairs, worth 81, at 80c

Men's Fancy Plain Overall, worth 81, at.....75c

Men's All-Wool Sweaters, worth 81, at.....50c

Men's Double-Breasted Furry Coats, 85, at.....25.55

Men's Ribbed Gray Heavy Kithens Underwear, worth 40c, at.....150

Men's All-Wool Ribbed Furry Swiss Coats, worth 51, at.....150

Men's All-Wool Red Flannel Underwear, 85, at.....150

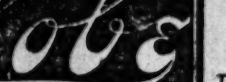
Local

Cent.

\$1.25 Misses' New Ladies'.....25

\$2.00 Ladies'.....25

Men's Suits and Overcoats, wrapped up as low as \$1.00, at the Finest Baltimore Merchant Tailor Made Suits and Overcoats, worth up to \$200, at	\$12.75
Boys' Suits and Overcoats, up to 18 years, wrapped up as low as \$1.85, to the Finest Baltimore Tailor Made Suits and Overcoats, worth up to \$30, at	\$11.65
Boys' Suits and Overcoats, up to 18 years, wrapped up as low as \$1.00, at the Finest Baltimore Merchant Tailor Suits and Overcoats, worth up to \$10, at	\$4.65
Men's Pants wrapped up as low as 60c, to the Finest Baltimore Merchant Tailor pants, worth up to \$7 and 85, at	\$3.85
Boys' Long Pants wrapped up as low as 20c, to the Finest Baltimore Merchant Tailor pants, worth 25 and 35, at	\$3.15
Boys' Knee Pants wrapped up as low as 7c, to the Finest Made at \$5.00, at	\$1.15
SPECIAL—300 Odd Cashmere Pants, 100 US Suits, going at	45c
Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth 20c, at	3c
Ladies' Fine Cashmere Gloves, worth 50c, at	10c
Men's and Boys' Hats, Caps and Gloves. All \$1.25 and \$1.50 Men's Latest Fedora and Derby Hats	75c, 85c
\$2 and \$3 Men's Latest Fedora and Derby Hats	\$1.50, 52c
1 1/2 and 1 3/4 Men's Fingh, Brighton and Windsor Caps	65c, 95c
40c and 50c Men's Cloth, Chinichilla and Goroduro Brighton and Windsor Caps	20c, 35c
\$1.00 and 1 1/2 Boys' Plush Pull-Down Caps	35c, 50c, 75c
75c Boys' All-Wool Jersey Pull-Down Caps	40c
35c Boys' Cloth and Chinichilla Pull-Down Caps	10c
35c and 50c Men's All-Wool and All-Formed Gloves	15c, 20c
\$1.00 and \$1.50 Men's Buckskin and Horsehair and Genuine Calfskin Gloves	50c, \$1
1 1/2 and 1 3/4 Men's Fur Mittens and Gloves	75c
Men's Hats, Caps and Fanny Cashmere Underwear, worth \$1.50, at	50c
Woolen broken	25c
SHOES:	
Children's Rubbers	5c
Misses' and Ladies' High Balls	10c
Men's Fine Calf Shoes, slightly damp	69c, 75c
Ladies' Fine Dongola Patent Tip Shoes, slightly damp	75c and 99c
Children's Fine Spring Rubber and Patent Tip Shoes, slightly damaged	45c, 49c
Boys' Fine Shoes, mostly	75c, 99c
Misses' Dongola Patent Tip Shoes, nearly dry	59c, 65c
Men's Fine Calf Shoes, including Tans, damage not noticeable	\$1.00
Men's Fine Kangaroo Calf Shoes, scarcely touched	\$1.50
Children's 50c, 75c and \$1.00 Fine Shoes, can't tell the difference	13c, 25c, 35c
Jackets	50c
\$4.00 Ladies' Jackets	\$1.45
\$6.00 Ladies' Jackets	\$2.95
Ladies' Jackets and Capes, some worth up to \$12, at	\$4.95
SPECIAL—Ladies' Plush Sacques, extra good quality, quilted satin lining, worth up to \$30, while they last	\$9.95
Infants' Elderdoun Cloaks, worth \$2.50 and above	65c
One lot Children's Dresses, 4 to 14 years, worth up to \$1.75	75c
SPECIAL—FREE	
200 doz Best Quality Linen Collars, by hand sizes and slightly wet, one dozen wet given absolutely free of charge to each customer, if you can find your size.	



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Prompt Attention for
This Sale Must Be Accom-
panied by
Cash or Money Order.**

NEW BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

An Epic of Hate—How To Succeed—A Funny Economic Primer—Literary Notes.

He who scour'd subdued Dixie, and scoffed
ner
Battle—five stars and bars in Phillipic."
He "who won the sobriquet of 'Beast' and
Spoons' in war
"A lusty wretch—stretched prone
Upon a stone, o'erwreath with slime exuded
From gangrenous wounds and the sweat
of those
Creeping reptiles squirming o'er his nude
form."

"Editors who had, as Wendell Phillips and
Lloyd Garrison, blackmailed the South, and
as
Charles Sumner, who calumniated the
South
—That embolden'd railer—more embolden'd
"

in doing down," although it insists that "the world is not to be so open to work best."

In his first preface, the author says: "In his inspiration to character building and heroic achievement is the keynote of the present volume; its object, to arouse to honest exertion youth who are drifting with the current, to awaken dormant ambitions in the young, to have success discouraged in the young, to suggest the change and stimulus to higher motives those who are settling out to make their own way, with, perhaps, neither friendship nor capital either."

The book contains a number of chapters on the Federal Constitution. Chapter 3 contains an analysis of the Constitution and argues that bimetalism as the final goal is a snare and delusion. Following this is a chapter on the rights of the States, quoting from Calhoun, Clay, Jackson, Jefferson, Lincoln and others as to the dangers to the Union by the monomoney forces. Chapter 4 is generally condemning life insurance among other things, and one on the history of bond legislation, the author says, "with the Federal Constitution as he would have it drawn."

Like all books of this character, a special plea is made for the banded title. It is published by Fred W. Alsopp, Little Rock, Ark.

A little book that ought to help the single

...a determination to get on in the world."

His keynote runs through the 600 pages of such vibrations and harmonies that he reads in the pleasure of the moment, not the time spent, nor the moral conveyed, save indeed that the pleasure among the best chapters selected where are good, only because of its helpfulness in "Clear Grit." A fine portrait of Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," heads and ends the book.

And to your alarm: The moiré's hold will slip. The crowbars loose the bulldozer's grip.

He admires the man who never succumbs from unexpected difficulties, who, patiently, and courageously grapples with his fate; who dies, it goes by, at last.

For the people and whose indefatigable efforts deserve recognition as made in good faith and with no selfish motive.

Mr. J. M. Early, who was a striping at Chickamauga's bloody fight, has written what he calls an Epic Poem of the Civil War. Its title is "Early's Inferno," which will put for the reader the most variable influence of a mental organization to make such a product possible. "False, Foul and Furious" might well be the subtitle. Such venom as the "cantos" of this work reek with might have been expected in a poem written very soon after the war. To-day it is simply incomprehable how any one can nourish such hatred as these lines pour forth to express, unless he has the spirit of which the "worm the never dies" is the emblem.

Like Dan Beard and scores of the talented authors and artists of the day Mr. Bengough's emblem is a picture of a man struggling for justice against the monstrous

tax crusade; and at the same time aid the fight for juster conditions all through the social body is Mr. J. W. Bengough's "Up-To-Date Primer, A First Book of Lessons for Little Political Economists." It is a capital adaptation of the child's one syllable reading book to single tax teaching.

The author, Mr. J. W. Bengough, is well known as one of the founders and artists of "Grip," published at Toronto, Canada, and one of the best comic weeklies the world ever saw. He has a facile pencil, his writing being very similar to that of Dan Beard, the inimitable comic illustrator of Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," etc.

Like Dan Beard and scores of the talented authors and artists of the day Mr. Bengough's emblem is a picture of a man struggling for justice against the monstrous

CHICKENED A TON

After Three Years, S. D. Rolfe, M. D., Reports His Cure

His Professional Advice to His Fellow Sufferers: "Take No To-Bac and No Yourself Again."

You are a tobacco user? Why???

[illegible]

enables a man to clutch his arm about the neck of a woman, and thus to prevent her from pulling to the star of his constellation. It is a very good idea, and one which I use myself. I would like to see how you men would face, "take No-To-Bac and be again." Very respectfully yours,

Are you a sufferer from disease that long to cure, and all the time using too No-To-Bac is sold by your own druggist under absolute guarantee. Get your No-To-Bac today. Get your No-To-Bac today. Get your No-To-Bac today.

Dr. J. C. Williams and Dr. J. C. Williams

SCRIPTIONS,
Companies have settled the loss
of Cloaks and

A. M. TO-MORROW.

SLIGHTLY DAMP.



**Cloak
Dept.**

\$1.25 Misses' Newmarkets.....	25
\$2.00 Ladies'	50

Jackets	\$5.00
\$4.00 Ladies' Jackets	\$1.45
\$6.00 Ladies' Jackets	\$2.95
Ladies' Jackets and Capes, some worth up to \$12, at	\$4.95
SPECIAL—Ladies' Plush Sacques, extra good quality, quilted satin lining, worth up to \$30, while they last.	\$9.95
Infants' Elderdown Cloaks, worth \$2.50 and above	65c
One lot Children's Dresses, 4 to 14 years, worth up to \$1.75	75c

SPECIAL—FREE

200 doz Best Quality Linen Collars, big sizes and slightly wet, one dozen will be given absolutely free of charge to each customer, if you can find your size.



Globe

Battle-riven stars and bars in Phillipine." I and II. of the "Golden Rod Series," sold at 75 cents.

He "Who won the sobriquet of 'Beast' and 'Spoon' in war, A lusty wretch—stretched prone Upon a stone, o'erspread with slime exuded From gangrenous wounds and the sweat of those Creeping reptiles squirming o'er his nude form." Tolstoy's "Master and Man" has just translated into Turkish by Mme. Lefkowitz, who had previously translated into language the greater part of the works of Pushkin and Lermontoff. She is now engaged in turning Sedd Emir Ali Effendi's "Teachings of Mohammed" into Russian, in order to encourage the Russian Tur-

and handsome volume, well illustrated and titled "Architects of Fate, or the Success and Power," by Orville Pett Marden, author of "Pushing to the Front," is so much that is stimulating, uplifting, encouraging, it is hard to keep the book down, although it should be read in doses, so to speak, in order to do appointed work best.

In his first preface, the author says: "Inspiration to character building and worthy achievement is the keynote of the century's vision; its object, to arouse to honor the noblest and noblest of men, to stir the soul to awaken dormant ambitions in those who have grown discouraged in the struggle for success, to encourage and stimulate to higher resolve those who are settling out to make their own way, with persons, neither friendship nor capital offer as a determination to get on in the world."

The book contains an introduction pointing out the dangers of the present condition of society; that a crisis has been reached, which must be met either peacefully or otherwise. Then follows an argument in favor of a complete revision of the "Financial Empire," and a chapter on the answer to "Coin's Financial School," and argues that bimetalism as the final goal is a sure failure. Following this is a chapter on banks and banking, quoting from Calhoun, Clay, Jackson, Jefferson, and Lincoln. Then comes a chapter of control by the money power. After a chapter on secular morality condemning insurance among other things, and one on the history of the life insurance company, the author concludes with a draft of the Federal Constitution as he would have it drawn. The book is a mixture of platitudes and appeals made, and a somber and one-sided view is taken. But there are many truths told, many valuable reforms demanded. The author is an earnest man whose work is for the people and whose indefatigable energy and resolution as made in good faith and with no selfish motive.

"Editors who had, as Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison, blackmailed the South, and as Charles Sumner, who calumniated the South."

"... Sheridan—robber, plunderer, robber of unprotected Southern homes."

"Nor does he spare women, as this thrusts Mrs. Stowe attests."

"The brand in the under which fire was arised (the name acceller Grimmett war). A label, and longeval; that the shade of Britain's hard attests of whose Bones th' should unconfid' and, like soe Caldron' for the spell of dirty scandal."

"The book is bound in blue cloth, with a red leather cover, and is a very handsome volume upholding a banner on which is the title. It is published by Fred W. Alsopp, Little Rock, Ark."

A little book that ought to help the single tax crusade, and at the same time aid the fight for juster conditions all through the

read Russian.

On the death of the Duke of Clarence, Austin sent to a London news some mourning vases, for which he returned him a check for £25, but it was found that the Duke of Clarence could not accept payment on accountants' tears." When the Duke of Clarence married his brother's daughter, Austin the same journal an epitaphium. The editor this time failed to send a check for the same amount, and the Duke of Clarence recalled the former incident, but Austin replied that the cases were different: "To make money out of a man's tears, there is no reason why I should be paid for adding to a man's grief." The Duke of Clarence published this in a novel called "The Grey Lady," by Lord Merriman, whose former story, "The Grey Lady," won for him a great popular popularity.

his keynote runs through the 600 pages of such vibrations and harmonies that readily retributes any pleasure enjoyed, not the time spent, nor the moral reward, save indeed that the pleasure among the best chapters selected where are good, only because of its helpfulness in "Clear Grit," a fine book reviewed in this column.

Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," heads the list. "I'm glad to see you're back to your aim: The moirgels' hold will slip, and only crowslows loose the bulldog's motto."

Griff admires the man who never flinches from unexpected difficulties, who patiently, and courageously grasps his fate; who dies, if need be, at post.

It makes such a product possible. "False, Foul and Furious" might well be the subtitle. Such venom as the "cantos" of this work reek with might have been expected in a poem written very soon after the war. To-day it is simply inconceivable how any one can nourish such hatred as these lines so abundantly express, unless he had the spirit of which these "worm the never dies" are the emblem.

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I like Dan Beard and scores of the talented authors and artists of the day Mr. Benson has a warm heart and a warm brain. He is the struggle for justice against the monstrous

His Professional Address to His Fellow Icarus: "Take No-Ten-Is and Be Yourself Again."

You are a total wry? ???

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

It is a storehouse of incentive, "a mine of his lines where he thinks it is well to dig." The author writes as if he is likely to end a line with a participle or pronoun as a noun verb, as Alice's Wonderland," winding up "I tried to turn

Here are a few specimens of the violence of his treatment of those he considers "sinners":

"Maine's Demagogue—Shame in
his tortures:
"The Journal of Nature and its changes"
"The Journal of Nature and its changes"
"The Journal of Nature and its changes"

L. D. ROBBEY, M.D.
Are you a sufferer from Rheumatism? No-To-Bac is sold by your own druggist under absolute guarantee of cure. Please send nameless for day. Get one today! Write for literature at once.



PROMISING ST. LOUIS SCHOOL GIRLS.





They Hypnotize Hens in the New York Post Graduate Hospital.

SNAKES THAT HAVE TWO HEADS EACH.

The Curious Reptiles Found in South America.

A "two-headed snake" sounds like a fairy tale. But the two-headed snakes exist. They are common enough down on the Amazon River and are well known to the native fishermen who get their living in the great Marajo Bay, along the Locatines River, and in the smaller rivers running out of the bay and around the city of Para, on the coast of Brazil.

Sometimes an inquisitive traveler in those regions, hearing talk of "two-headed snakes," will openly scoff at the idea. "Two-headed snakes, indeed! That is a story for the marines." The native fishermen does not waste time in natural history discussions with the sneerer. "Seem's believin'" is his creed.

He just starts out, catches a few of these two-headed water snakes, and lets the incredulous traveler see for himself that well-known product of South America. The body of the snake is striped, giving it somewhat the appearance of a common garter snake. It is usually from 1 to 2 feet long. When gliding along it might be mistaken for a large eel, but when caught the remarkable fact is discovered that it possesses a perfectly formed and symmetrical head at each end of its long body. The two heads are almost precisely alike in form, color and general appearance; one of them is very slightly smaller than the other. This is the second style of the snake who goes into the eyes of this second head are

PARSON CHEEK'S GOOD OLD WHIP.

He Chastises Wayward Georgias Sinners With It.

George Washington Cheek, a Hardshell colored Baptist preacher of Waycross, Ga., is a character. He literally believes in controlling the spiritual welfare of his flock, not with a rod of iron, but with a bulky whip. That is, he thrashes the wandering sheep into submission to his teachings whenever the wicked spirit in them rebels. His authority for this comes from original sources. He believes himself the chosen agent of the Almighty in that locality, and has ordered that all disputes among the members shall be referred to him as sole arbitrator. His judgment is the judgment of God.

This idea at first made him a butt for scoffers. The "white trash" roundabout regarded it as a joke. But the jocosse stage has now passed and the stern reality of his conviction is every way apparent. He is a religious despot as inexorable as any Sultan.

Personally the preacher is not the kind of man that would be expected to wield a complete influence over a band of able-bodied men. Not a male member of his congregation could resist the old preacher with one hand. Yet his authority is as unquestioned as if backed by a standing army. Cheek is small in stature and measures two inches and a fraction over five feet. His sixty-odd years have whitened his beard and hair, but they have not sapped the vitality of a once powerful frame. It is his position which on Sunday to read a list of members who during the week past

HYPNOTISM ON HENS AND BIRDS.

Novel Experiments Made at a New York Hospital.

How to hypnotize is something that the advanced physician must know nowadays. He makes it the subject of scientific study and puts it to practical uses. Hypnotic treatment is being used as a satisfactory cure for a number of cases.

In the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, in New York, the subject is given great attention. The practicing physicians, who come from all parts of the country for post-graduate study, are shown practical demonstrations from time to time of the use of hypnotism in practice. There are also occasional lectures given upon the subject. As might be supposed it is the professors in the department of diseases of the mind and nervous system who pay the most attention to the subject. Such physicians as Dr. Charles L. Dana and Dr. Gracie M. Hammond have for a number of years been experimenting with hypnotism. While Dr. Dana delivers occasional lectures upon the subject, and all the professors and instructors in the department of nervous diseases employ hypnotism occasionally, the one man in the institution who is authority upon the subject is Dr. Abbot C. Combes. Dr. Combes, who is a slender, energetic, pleasant-mannered man, about thirty-five years of age, was a student of hypnotism under the great Charcot, of Paris, the father of modern hypnotism.

Dr. Combes is a strong believer in the treatment, and does most of the hypnotic work in the hospital. He has given many demonstrations. A reporter was permitted to witness a recent demonstration, and afterwards some practical applications in the dispensary.

NEW IDEAS IN OPERA GLASSES.

Dainty and Convenient Novelties Superseding Old Styles.

An opera-glass, although a very useful thing in its place, is at its best cumbersome and awkward to carry. When the hour of its usefulness has passed it is much in the way. It is of awkward shape, and unless large enough to carry slung to a strap like the field-glasses people take to the race track and to yachting courses it must be carried in the hand.

To do away with this annoyance, manufacturers have for years striven to reduce the size of the instrument without injuring its power. The minimum has been reached apparently in a glass designed for gentlemen only. It is a modest black-cased instrument of exquisite workmanship, equal in power to the larger glasses, and is called "the full dress."

It may readily be stowed away in the vest pocket. It is attached to a slender black alken guard which is worn about the neck. The small young men who go much to the opera have quite generally taken up the idea, and the sliver guard hanging gracefully from the snowy expanse of the shirt front of the perfectly dressed man has become a familiar sight at the Metropolitan, as well as at the Broadway theaters.

The diminutive opera-glass has, however, powerful rivals which have been introduced from France within the week, one is a folding opera-glass, the plan of which can be readily understood by a glance at

IT'S A SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

Rare Animal Recently Brought to This Country.

There has recently been imported into this country a very fine specimen of white elephant which is now in New York. The animal was caught near Palembang, in Southeastern Sumatra, on June 17 of last year. Thoughtful elephant experts have declared it to be a sacred elephant, for the following reasons: In addition to the light color of the skin he (this is a boy elephant) has five white "hoofs" on each foot. He has a pink color about the ears; the hair about the lip is light in color, and the tail has no tuft of hair on the end. All of these characteristics must be present in a white elephant to make any pretension at all to being sacred.

These same elephant experts have also pronounced that this creature is about eighteen months old. His height is 3 feet 3 inches which represents an average growth of about 3 feet a year—quite a fair rate of growth for a baby. His weight is 50 pounds, but this he is expected to increase rapidly as soon as he becomes familiar with the customs, language and institutions of this country. He is a very tame animal, and has been very much tamed by the British for the sake of the Monroe doctrine. He has never seen so much of the world as to be excited by it.

Under ordinary conditions this baby is a very delightful companion, permitting and even inviting the greatest liberties. He has been named Kedah, and he is the only really white elephant that has ever been brought to this country. The late P. T. Barnum devoted many precious moments of his life in the effort to secure just such a prize as this elephant is, but he failed. It

GRIPSACKS MADE FOR BICYCLES.

A Novel Device to Carry Wheels on Trains.

The number of bicyclists who travel by train from ten to a hundred miles into the country before mounting their wheels is already great, and constantly increasing. A difficult problem for railroad men to solve has, therefore, arisen: how to transport these hundreds of machines without damage and at the same time so arrange them that they will take up as little space as possible in the baggage cars.

One of the cleverest devices of this sort is the invention of a Frenchman, M. Joseph Olier, who, curiously enough, is a theatrical manager, being the director of the Olympia, the Moulin Rouge and the Jardin de Paris. It may not inaptly be called the "bicycle gripsack."

This apparatus consists, first, of an iron circle, 3 or 10 feet in diameter, having a set of chain about its outer rim, which is fastened to the floor of the car. In the center of this circular piece of iron rises a vertical rod, which radiates from the center of the circle and is fastened to the floor of the car. The lower end of the rod is fastened to another iron rim the same size as the one upon the floor of the car. Between the two are numerous rollers, which permit it to revolve easily.

Between these two arms, the upper and the lower, the bicycle is placed on end. The lower arm is, as has been said, fixed, but the upper is movable and held in place by a stout spring. When the bicycle is placed between them the upper arm is drawn down by the spring and the bicycle is placed firmly upon the tire of the bicycle's

A DOG THAT SMOKES A PIPE.

Story of an Accomplished and Popular Parisian Canine.

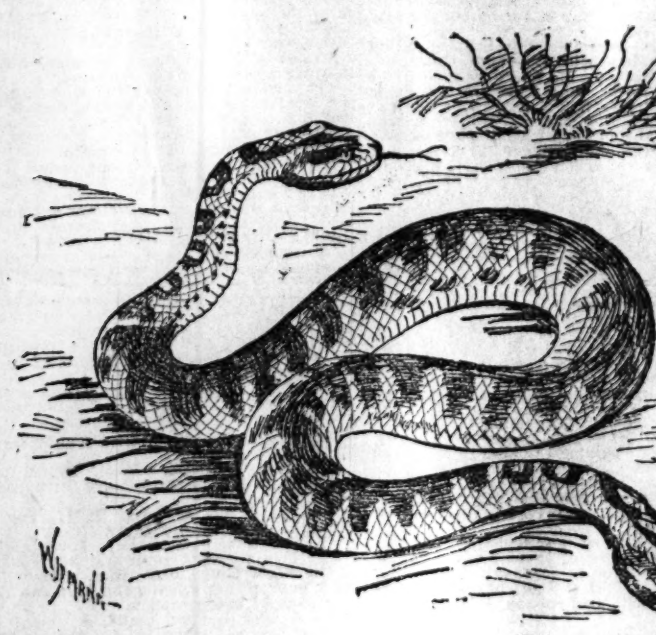
There is never an end to wonders in Paris. The latest freak in merry Gaul is a dog that smokes! The animal is a Newfoundland and he smokes a big pipe regularly every morning.

Until quite recently the "dog that smokes" was only known to a few persons who were accustomed to rise early in the morning and attend the early auctions at the Central Market. There an old café is to be seen, where for a couple of sous one can purchase a cup of hot coffee and a crust of fresh bread. The sign of the "Dog That Smokes" is well known to countrymen who bring their carloads of vegetables into the city every morning and to students who have not been able to save more than a few sous from the previous day's earnings. But to all others the "dog that smokes" was a sort of myth, and few visitors to the gay city have ever heard of it.

But now the dog that smokes is no longer a fable; but the proud beast may be seen with his pipe in his mouth, and his owner's wagon as he hauls trunks and cases from the Northern Railroad of France to the Eastern line.

The dog, the pipe, the owner and the wagon have been sketched from life. The dog is a little boy and passer-by when they catch sight of the dog is great. They all stop and stare at him. The owner says that hardly a day passes without there being among the crowd some enthusiastic person who gives the driver a packet of tobacco for his dog. It not infrequently happens that when the driver reaches home

THE SNAKE WITH TWO HEADS.



sightless, and the mouth is only a dummy mouth, the snake providing for his living at the other head, which is the principal one. The second head is, apparently, more for ornament than use, although it is so perfect a deception that a close examination is necessary to detect the working head from the ornamental one.

Owing to a peculiarity in the snake's method of coming to the surface of the water to breathe, some observers have thought that this second head possessed some respiratory powers. In swimming near the surface of the water the snake always protrudes both heads above it, his body describing the shape of a letter T. If the traveler were in a near-by boat he might think two snakes were resting lazily side by side. This phenomenon of the two heads of one snake taking an airing is an ordinary affair in the bay of Marajo. The fishermen down there catch them in baited baskets or nets as they would eels, or after the fashion of a snake, by pulling them out of the water by a rope. However, they are not thought very highly of as food where plenty of better fish is obtainable.

The Portuguese fishermen who find them in his eel-basket or fish-net, is more likely to cross himself with a muttered "Maria" and throw them back into the water than to carry them home with him. A creature so unearthly as to possess a double allowance of heads is scarcely safe eating for a good Christian.

Some of these snakes have been brought to this country. Michael Gomez, an old Portuguese sailor, who has been in the Amazon for thirty years, has three of the creatures preserved in alcohol. When he caught them in the bay of Marajo he tied a string tightly around their six necks and thrust them into a bottle of spirits. And so they exist to-day.

Now that the sea serpent has been officially recognized by Germany we cannot afford to deny the reality of the two-headed snake.

PINKERT'S WATER TRICYCLE.

The Inventor Attempted to Cross the English Channel Upon It.

Of the many attempts to race over the waters by bicycle and tricycle, the device introduced by Pinkert, a French amateur, is certainly the most ingenious and promising. The frame, driving and steering gear are like those of an ordinary tricycle. Suitably placed compartments, filling the space between the periphery of the wheels and concentric rings near the axle, require the required flotation. When the rider is in position the wheels sink into the water as far as the concentric rings, and propulsion results from the operation of the pedals affixed to the rings. The front wheel serves as a rudder.

To show the "seaworthiness" of this aquatic racer, M. Pinkert proposed to cross the English Channel on it, from Cape Gris-Nez to Folkestone. When the rider is in position the wheels sink into the water as far as the concentric rings, and propulsion results from the operation of the pedals affixed to the rings. The front wheel serves as a rudder.

have strayed from the path of rectitude. He is in the lot back of the church after the conclusion of the services. The congregation is invited to remain and witness the chastisement, probably for the salutary lesson it will be for them. A strong wooden post has been sunk firmly into the ground and to this the sinner clings his hands. He is never five feet from the Government whip. The whip is held by the pastor, who is the usual strength of whippings of this kind, but the venerable pastor has found this heroic method of correction an admirable one.

The victims could easily pick up the reins of the whip and make the sinners heard, but he proceeds to lay them on. Enfeebled by age, the sinners have been reduced to a state of helplessness. The strength of whippings of this kind, but the venerable pastor has found this heroic method of correction an admirable one.

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MOORE'S CHECKED HAT.

It Reverberated Through the City Hall Until Bunk In.

Assistant Dispensary Physician Newcomb's trousers are no longer an issue. They have been utterly overtopped, extinguished, rendered derelict, and set aside, considered in the light of a freak, by Dr. R. L. Moore, but Dr. Moore was before the Newcomb trousers were checked. Every time he comes to town he is in the city hall at the City Hall. They have his new friends at the City Hall. They have his new friends at the City Hall. They have his new friends at the City Hall.

There has never been anything like that in the city. The cloth part in what caused all the trouble. It was of a large check pattern, red, black and gray. Boys followed the hat around town in unrestrained admiration, and Dr. Jordan is an old friend of Dr. Moore's and for his own good he took it on the hat. Dr. Jordan saw where it could be made really useful, as well as a statement of his own. He saw where it could be made really useful, as well as a statement of his own. He saw where it could be made really useful, as well as a statement of his own.

The first subjects selected were some children and small birds. A hypnotist picked up a hen. He bent the neck to one side, and drew up one of the wings. He then held the hen by the neck, and she whirled her around twice and set her down. With eyes wide open, she sat in the position in which she was placed. She made no effort to regain an upright position. The muscles in the hen's legs were rigid in place, and she was a student of hypnotism under the great Charcot, of Paris, the father of modern hypnotism.

Dr. Combes is a strong believer in the treatment, and does most of the hypnotic work in the hospital. He has given many demonstrations. A reporter was permitted to witness a recent demonstration, and afterwards some practical applications in the dispensary.

The method of using hypnotism upon dispensary patients is an interesting one. The importance of the study of hypnotism, the importance of the study of hypnotism, the importance of the study of hypnotism.

While the reporter was with Dr. Combes in the laboratory, a great deal of work was done. She has been hypnotized many times in the last few months by Dr. Combes. And under the influence of the continued suggestions that she should have no more attacks she has become much better. She complained of headaches, and for that reason the hypnotic treatment has been suggested for a while.

The New York Post-Graduate Hospital was the first one in this country to recognize the importance of the study of hypnotism. From the medical-legal standpoint it is being taught in courts all over the country. Urged in courts all over the country.

A justification of crimes, and doctors as yet know little of the subject. How far hypnotic influence may extend is a hard question to answer. On this question, Dr. Combes, who is a student of hypnotism under the great Charcot, of Paris, the father of modern hypnotism.

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the illustration. It involves a new departure in construction, as it does away with the cylinder heretofore supposed to be necessary between the lenses. The new glass when not in use is perfectly flat and is kept in a neat seal leather case, like a card case.

As it is less than one-fourth of an inch in thickness, case and all, it is especially adapted for use in the pocket. The mechanism is very simple. When taken from the case the large lenses are turned from the horizontal to a vertical position. The same is done with the small lenses. A sliding bar between the pair of lenses permits of an immediate focusing of the glasses to suit the sight of the user, and the result is a skeleton opera-glass of medium size that is equal in its service to those of convenient form.

The skeleton glasses are made of metal, and they come in gold, silver, aluminum and nickel frames, although it is considered good form in men, no matter what the metal, to have it covered with a black enamel. Women may indulge in a taste for display of the precious metals, but they are not to those of convenient form.

The glasses are held in position before the eyes by a small handle on a hinge, which is attached to the under side of the instrument when folded. This handle may be instantly attached to the detached holders that have been used by women for years.

With the fair sex this new thing in opera-glasses is sure to become popular, as it is light and has the rich and attractive appearance of the lorgnette, while combining the useful qualities of the long-distance opera-glass.

The folding cylindrical glasses, another French conceit, takes up little more room in the pocket than a couple of cigars. The illustration shows its exact size, its appearance when half open and when in use. It comes in black enamel casing as a rule, but may be decorated with jewels or with silver filigree work. There is little to recommend it except its novelty and its expense, as it is but little less convenient to carry than the regular style, and no improvement as a visual assistant.

NON-ANIMAL BOOTS.

Absurd Length to Which the Vegetarian Fad Has Been Carried.

There are vegetarians who deny themselves flesh food on sanitary grounds only, while others cling to the diet on humanitarian grounds. They refuse to eat meat because they decline to even remotely sanction the slaughter of a living creature for any purpose.

This feeling is carried to the point of a fad in England, and as a result "vegetarian boots and shoes" are advertised as for sale in the London papers. The uppers are made of "hannus corium," which, by the way, is a kind of rubber. The soles are of closely woven flax being. The vegetarians, in arguing that the skins of slaughtered animals are not necessary, say that India rubber, gutta serena, steel, iron and brass nails, cashmere, straw, silk, and wax go in for the modern slaughter of a lady's shoe in the manufacture of a vegetable shoe.

is true that Mr. Barnum did make the acquaintance of an elephant that was white in color, which was said to be the favorite of the King of Siam. But closer investigation showed that the elephant had been whitewashed, and Mr. Barnum concluded that he would not do for people, could see through the whitewash.

According to the Buddhist belief in the transmigration of souls, the elephant is a soul of some Siamese monarch. It is not a soul like the one that has ever been brought to this country. The late P. T. Barnum devoted many precious moments of his life in the effort to secure just such a prize as this elephant is, but he failed. It

The importer of Kedah is Mr. J. R. Gay. Mr. Gay has spent many years in collecting animals for exhibition, having in Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, four cars filled with bicycles alone. It is calculated that a single apparatus of the kind described will accommodate ten bicycles, and one of these frames can be placed in each of the cars, leaving ample space between for two ordinary bicycles. The advantage of this machine, without the least risk of damage to the tires, is that it is portable and can be used in use on the passenger trains on the French railways are somewhat shorter than those running in this country, so that in an emergency the bicycle can be carried.

Mr. Olier's invention has just been made public at the cycle show in Paris this winter, and has not yet been put to a practical test. The sample apparatus which is on exhibition, however, seems to work perfectly.

Petitions are now being circulated in Paris, and getting thousands of signatures for the purpose of forcing the railroads to adopt some means as this for the transportation of bicycles. Probably the railroads will demand a higher tariff if they adopt this system.

KEEP THE STOMACH WARM.

One of the Cold Weather Signs of the Times With a Hygienic Moral.

One of the curious cold-weather developments is the display of a line of jersey drawers in a Broadway N. Y. haberdashery with the admonition in plain letters "avoid stomachache."

The cold weather has a way of finding out the weak spots in a body's armor, and clothing down on them most inopportunely. A prominent New York physician is authority for the statement that if people keep their stomachs warm on the outside they will avoid stomachache.

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THE DOG THAT SMOKES A PIPE.



after his day's work, he has over a pound of tobacco for the canine smoker. But the dog that smokes does not get all of this. The driver himself is an inveterate smoker, but he takes good care not to enjoy the luxury of a pipe. He has discovered a new method of keeping himself in tobacco for several years to come. He says that he stored at his home, all given to him for the animal is unable to smoke in its entirety.

A little thought when he gave the sagacious animal his first lesson in smoking, that his liberality would be so gratefully appreciated by the dog.

HOW THE "TRACER" WORKS.

He Follows Persons Attempting to Steal Goods Purchased on Time.

One of the most important men in the employ of a firm that makes a specialty of selling goods on the installment plan is the "tracer." His duty, as his name signifies, is to find out the whereabouts of the goods that have been purchased on time. He is a man of the trouble of future payments by quietly moving about.

Nothing could be more foolish than such a scheme. It is a waste of time and money. The collector does it to see the janitor and inform which families in the house have bought goods on the installment plan. It pays for the janitor for this service, for he is in a position to know when any moving is about to take place, and the information he gives the collector has been the means of slipping in the bad many a well-laid scheme to get out of paying a furniture bill.

Sometimes, of course, it happens that a dishonest family will move away in such a hurry that the janitor is unable to inform the collector. But in such an event the "tracer" is put on the case. He sits about the house, and he is familiar with the name and address of every furniture mover in the city. He is so extensive that it is more than likely he has a personal friend among the men who move the furniture. In such a case, with such advantages his task is not nearly so hard as it might seem. He is in a position to know when any moving is about to take place, and the information he gives the collector has been the means of slipping in the bad many a well-laid scheme to get out of paying a furniture bill.

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"DULL CARE A VAIN! HERE FUN HOLDS SWAY,"



A DEAD GULCH BOMB.

CATAMOUNT CAL—"Friend, I am delegated to say that yer assistant wot fires th' bullet yer ketch in yer teeth is loaded ter th' nozzle w' bug-jules, an' we hev elected Alkali Ike, who insists on usin' his own gun—bein' used ter it—er fire ther shot."

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LEAP YEAR NOVELTIES.

As this is the New Woman's first leap year we have made a thorough investigation of the markets, both of this country and Europe for leap year novelties. "Anything to help the girls alone" is our motto, and we have spared no expense.

Naturally the first concern of the New Woman is for a pair of bloomers that will not bag at the knees. She must kneel, of course, during a proposal, and accepted or rejected, must look her best after the fatal answer. These are supplied by a Parisian manufacturer and the made in various quantities of wrought steel.

The "Darling Willie Holder" is a unique contrivance of braces so arranged that ninety pounds of New Woman can easily

TWO YARN FACTORIES.

From the Youth's Companion.

In the town of B. Connecticut, there is a factory where yarn is made. A stranger, approaching the town one day in a buggy, pulled up his horse and accented a farmer who was digging potatoes on the other side of the fence.

"Can you tell me where the yarn mill is?" inquired the stranger.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Keep straight on till you come to the drinking fountain. Right opposite is a wooden block with three doors. The middle door is the one you want."

"Thank you," said the stranger, and drove on. In due time he came to the fountain and sought the middle door of the wooden



EVERY ROSE HAS ITS THORN.

"A lady in skirts, Mr. Mushy, never knows half the do—"
—Mercy! how hard the ice is this winter!
lights of skating—
From Judge—Copyright 1896 by Judge Publishing Co.

ST. PETER AND THE MINING MAN.

A Colorado boomer died (no matter what the day or date), and when he reached the portals of St. Peter sitting at the gate. From out beneath his shaggy brows the good saint eyed the coming guest, who with true Chesterfieldian bows his honor of the saint expressed. He said he had grown tired below, his brain was worried with its cares; the struggle was a hard one, so he thought he'd climb the golden stairs. St. Peter asked the man his name, his occupation down below, his church, his creed, from whence he came, and what credentials he could show, and then, with indiscretion, he asked the disembodying crank how things in Colorado were. This question never yet has failed to start the Coloradoan tongue, and satisfy ears were soon assailed with wildest anathemas ever sung. He talked of leads and shafts and veins, of tunnels, stops and fissures true, of mammoth strikes and golden gains, until the heavenly air was blue. With glowing eloquence he sped along the oratorical track, with gestures of both hands and head, and frequent bowing of the back till Peter's ears began to ache, and "that tired feeling" came to him; yet still the Coloradoan spoke his little piece with added vim. At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the saint arose, believing that his guest would see the interview was at a close. Then grabbed he Peter by the robe and talked and talked and talked again, until the patience of a Job would not have stood the trying strain. In desperation Peter threw the golden gateway wide ajar, and said unto him, "If you'd view the heavenly glories, there they are!" The Coloradoan stepped inside, gazed on the streets of shining gold, and in a business manner eyed the buildings of unequalled mold. The dashing beauties one and all he studied; then, throwing the pale mass against the wall, where it clung tenaciously and glowered at the boarders. The landlady entered the room, and she threw that butter against the wall!"

"Who threw that butter against the wall?" she demanded.

"The boarders," said nothing, the Silent Man, who always paid in advance, being particularly quiet.

"Why don't you answer?" demanded the lady. "Who threw the butter? Why don't you speak?"

"All eyes were turned on the Silent Man as he cleared his voice and spoke. 'Madam,' said he, 'the butter is able to speak for itself.'"

THE COP IS A WHEEL.

The cop's a-wheel! Oh, doesn't he feel That all the world's his own. When through the park From noon till dark He scorches all alone? Like lightning, too, O'er avenue And street he flits away; Ah, isn't it quite The finest sight We've seen for many a day?

The "cop's" a-wheel! Oh, watch him reel! The miles off by the score, When chasing dukes, With stern rebukes To coast the hills no more. And bloomer-girls All shake their curls, "He is a peach," they swear; For he will ride Right by their side When other chaps don't dare.

The "cop's" a-wheel! Just like an eel He'll flit through town by night And won't to croak, When'er he looks Behind'er he fights. But won't it be A boom when he All Sunday on the beat, On scores and scores Of tight side-doors Can peel his weather eye!

From Judge.

The lady: "Now I hope you won't spend this money for that vile liquor."

The tramp: "Well, mum, I'll do me best; but I'm not a connoisseur, an' I generally has to drink it afore I can tell whether it is good or bad."

Pokeleigh: "I don't think I could ever descend to riding a bicycle."

Jokeleigh: "No, you'd have to mount. You might descend later."

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AND MARKS WITH JOKES HIS ANTIC WAY."



WHAT'S IN A NAME?
"BIRDIE, CAN YOU TRIP UP STAIRS A MOMENT, PLEASE?"
"YES, ALEXANDER, WHAT IS IT?"
(From Life.)

IT BAFLED HIM.

One Mystery That Herlock Sholmes Was Unable to Clear Up.

"It is really marvelous, your powers of divination," said the doctor to Herlock Sholmes, the great and only unprofessional detective.

"Not at all," said Sholmes, at the same time taking his daily hypodermic injection of cocaine, chloroform, morphine, strychnine and digitalis. "It is all in observation and deduction." Here he stopped and yanked a flask of dust from his companion's coat and at once put it on one of the lenses of his powerful microscope. Seeing nothing which might serve as a clue to the latest mystery, he resumed: "For instance, it is plain to me that you have been to a saloon this morning, drank an egg-nog and treated the barkeeper."

"You must have followed me," said the doctor.

"Not at all; I have not yet left my room. It is also plain to me that you played billiards yesterday evening, later you played poker and won considerably, and that you have not yet been home."

"Wonderful, wonderful; but how can you tell?"

"Observation and deduction, my boy. You have the edge of a blue chip showing out of



THE LADY OF THE MANNER.
From Judge.

your vest pocket. That shows me that the banker was unable to cash up or that you won so largely that you could afford to lose sight of a blue chip or two. The saw-dust adhering to your shoes shows me you have been to a saloon, a trifle of liquid egg stain on your cravat shows me what you drank, and, having a roll, makes me surmise you treated the barkeeper. A chalk mark on your hat convinces me you played billiards earlier in the evening and if you had been home it would have been brushed off. It is just as easy for me to know all this as to know that your brother is a drunkard, a gambler and a thief without having seen him."

"Yes, we will drop that, but you know you told me you had reared your brother and had been his own example. But there is one mystery about last night that baffles even my abnormally developed powers of penetration," said the great unprofessional. "Where did you get the money to sit in the game?" and as his friend left he took a small dose of prussic acid to clear his brain before tackling this new mystery.

TRANSFERRED AFFECTIONS.

From Puck.

"Mrs. Subbubs: 'So you've no objections to living in the country?'"

Miss O'Rourke: "Phwat's the difference? Since the new police board came in-bad luck to their shins up—just might as well give up all hope of stiddy company!"



ROOSTER. (As Sam looks over the fence): "Tak-lak-lak, tak care!"
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CHOLLY'S PULL.

My tailor bows to social laws, And, as I'm in the swirl, He gives me credit just because I'm a credit, sir, to him!"

DIFFERENT.

Collier: "A boy's will is like the wind's." "Wrong! A woman's will is like the wind's, for she blows her will on her hair."

A TALE OF A SHARK.

From Life.

A shark walked out of the sea one night When the moon was riding high, And he said: "This is just the night for me. For I see there's a mackerel sky."

So he waddled along till he came to a wood, Where, perched on an oak tree limb, Six youthful frogs sat all in a row, Chanting their evening hymn.

"Good evening, friends," said the shy old shark, "You sing with feeling and force; But the hour grows late and the wind is chill, And I fear you are getting hoarse."

"Come down," he said, "where the earth is warm, Sing freely and I will sing bass." Then all unseen, such a horrible smile Spread over the creature's face.

So one by one those foolish frogs Dropped into the maw beneath, And as each one fell, he sighed: "Yum-yum!" And complacently picked his teeth.

And waddling back to the sea, he said: "I'm pious and fond of hymns— Then all unseen, such a horrible smile Spread over the creature's face."

And as each one fell, he sighed: "Yum-yum!" And complacently picked his teeth.

A THOUGHTFUL CORPORATION.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"I presume you have at least a fully finished common school education?" asked the superintendent.

"What's that got to do with settin' brakes on a freight train?" the applicant wanted to know.

"Why, you will want something to fall back on in the way of making a living after you lose a leg or two. We've got enough crippled switch-tenders and crossing watchmen to last us for the next thirty years."

DID AND DOING.

From Judge.

A cat, man did a farmer once, Skinned him out of every dime; He bragged about it, like a dance, And now that con, man's doing time.

A NEW VERSION.

From Puck.

Little drops of water, Freezing on the walk, Makes the naughty adjectives Mix in people's talk.

LEAP YEAR.

From the Detroit Tribune.

"Will you be mine?" he suddenly exclaimed.

"Sir!" exclaimed the woman, haughtily. He trembled and stood with mantling cheeks.

"It's leap-year, you know," he murmured, apologetically.

TO BRING MATTERS TO AN ISSUE.

From Judge.

Assistant: "This war in Cuba seems to be as far from a conclusion as ever."

Editor: "Yes, indeed; I think we will have to play our columns at the disposal of both sides and let them fight it out."

SCIENCE AND FRIVOLOUS.

Old Professor Starts: "What a wonder and a blessing to us all is the change of the seasons!"

Miss Giddy: "Yes, indeed. About this time one gets tired of ice-cream oysters come in."

A COURAGEOUS SUITOR.

There Were Limits, However, to His Reckless Daring.

From Harper's Bazar.

"What would I not do?" The tall, broad-shouldered young man moved a step nearer to the object of his devotion.

"For you," he murmured earnestly, in his excitement bitting up the lowest button of his waistcoat. "I would indeed brave all. Since the first blissful moment when you mine I have longed for some test by which I might prove the depth, the earnestness, the sincerity of my great and overpowering love. My darling, I long for something to happen whereby I can reveal to you how fully I appreciate the sublime sacrifice you have shown me in trusting your future into my hands. For you I would plunge into the impenetrable jungles of the East and beard the savage tiger in his den. For you I would gladly throw myself into the lead of the advancing column and smother the enemy the uplifted flag, while bullets rained and cannon roared. Far in the trackless depths of unexplored Africa, inspired only by the thought of your love, I would seek my way unaided and untrailing. Nay, for your dear sake, I would penetrate the wilderness of Brooklyn and take my chances with a trolley car. Nothing would stop me. No danger would be too great. I—but I must be going," he hurriedly exclaimed, moving rapidly toward the door.

"Going?" repeated the sweet girl, who had been listening with such intense interest to his impassioned oratory. "Why, dear, it is early yet."

"True, true," he rejoined, glancing cau-

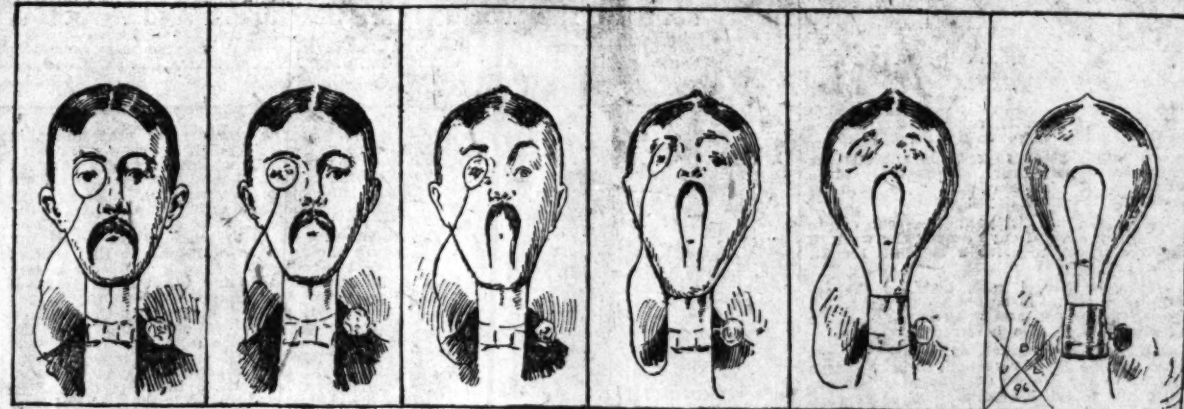
HOOKING HIM.

From Puck.

Pathetic Young Pastor (ponderously): "You know my proposal, don't you?"

Miss Thirtieth (eagerly): "This is so sudden—but, yes, dear!"

THE EVOLUTION OF A DUDE.



OVER THE DOG'S BACK.

From an Exchange.

Two young clergymen were engaged in a warm dispute over some deep theological question, and finally raised their voices till they disturbed a dog that had been lying by the fire sleeping soundly. Thus suddenly awakened, the dog began barking loudly. At this the preacher, who sat at the table sipping his tea, turned and kicked the dog. "Be still!" said he. "What have you to say about it, you silent brute? You know no more about it than I do."

VALENTINES ALREADY HERE.

This Year the "New Woman" and the "Bloomer Girl" Catch It Heavy.

The comic valentines have already made their appearance. They are as offensive as ever. To the old stand-bys of the trade, madders, duffers, muskies, old maids, etc., have been added a dozen especially atrocious monstrosities, designed to enrage the bicycle girl, while the "new woman" idea has given birth to a core of travesties on mannishly attired women and poor, hunched men in skirts, caring for babies and attending to household duties.

OLD HABIT STRONG.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Isn't that rather too generous?" said the clergyman, looking at the \$30 gold piece in his hand.

"It's what I always pay," loftily replied the Sioux Falls man who had just been married.

SAYS IT WELL.

From Truth.

Mrs. Gospey: "I think young Mr. Chatter is a delightful conversationalist."

Mr. Gospey: "Well, yes; he succeeds pretty well for a man who never has anything to say."

EASY TO FIND OUT.

From Harlem Life.

"What are you thinking of, Madge?"

"Whether I would rather have you for a friend or Jack for a husband."

"Well, can't you have both?"

"That depends upon Jack."

"HE KISSED HER."

From the Warren Leader.

A high school girl told by her teacher to parse "He kissed me," consented reluctantly because opposed to speaking of private matters in public. "He," she commenced with unnecessary emphasis and a fond lingering over the word that brought the crimson to her cheeks. "He," she pronounced, singular number, masculine gender, a gentleman and pretty well fixed, universally considered a good fellow. "Kissed" is a verb, transitive, too much so, regular every evening, indicative mood, third person plural number and governed by circumstance. "Mc—Oh, well, everybody knows me." And she sat down.

AN OFFICIAL DELUSION.

From Judge.

"What's the matter with your eye, Mr. Gaver?"

"Oh, just a stitch in it."

"Oh, how is it?"

"Well, it's just a stitch in it."

"Oh, how is it?"

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THE CRAZE FOR MONEY.

It is strange how love for money governs the human race; The rich, the poor, the old, the young, they all are in the chase. To every walk and sphere of life, be it high or low; It's money talks, you cut no ice unless you've got the dough.

Never in the Stock Exchange, look down upon the floor. And note the wild and frantic acts of brokers by the score. What's the cause of all this noise? Why do they shout and holler? It's just a little way they have when hustling for the dollar.

The sports gent the race-track haunts, you'll see him any day; Summer's heat or winter's frost does not change him in his way. A race he seldom looks at, in fact don't care a care a If every horse gets left but his, long as he gets his cash.

The witty politician, when an office he does seek, Vows to run things as they should be; it's nice to hear him speak. After he gets in it's then we fully understand Of all the men that's out for duty, "he surely beats the band."

The preacher on a Sunday, if you should go to hear, Will tell you in pathetic voice, "Tis heavenly to be poor." With all their praise of poverty, this one great truth you'll learn, There would not be a preacher if there was not any coin.

Fighters now-days only fight on paper; it's the rage; What they seek the fame they seek they go onto the stage. Tug-of-war sports they are; they train Then they pose as champions bold, and retire on their wealth.

When these lines a critic reads, no doubt he'll pause to smile. And say, "Well, he's a savvy cuss; where did he catch his style?" To all such I'll say right here, I don't do this for fun, Neither am I seeking fame; like the rest, I'm out for "moon."



ONLY A DROP IN THE BUCKET.

From Life.

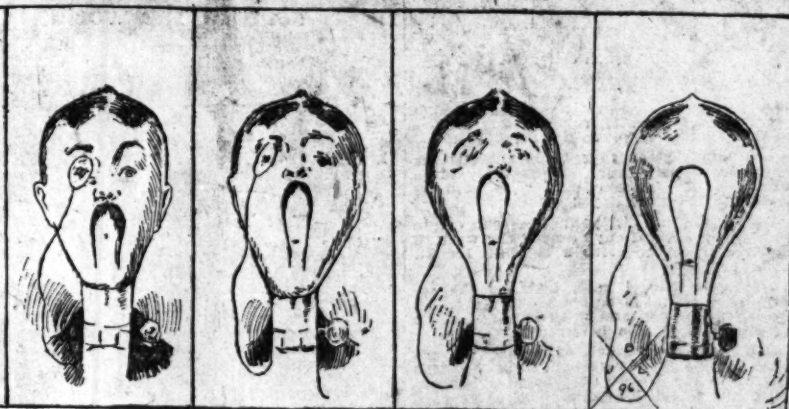
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HE WAS A PLAY ACTOR.

An Eminent Historian Makes His Appearance at the Dispensary.

Jeremiah Collins dropped in at the Dispensary, the other day. Jeremiah is a play-actor, a Thespian from way back. He Thespas at Tom Allen's palatial concert hall on Market street near Sixth when he cannot get an engagement at McVickers', in Chicago.

There are other times when Jeremiah wouldn't act for the President or Queen Victoria for pay. That is when he is at the tag end of the jaw he takes and which invariably land him at the hospital. He talks shop for nothing, though, at such times, and in answer to the most simple questions he speaks down in his boots and with a wonderful waving of arms and stamping of feet, which gyrations are supposed to be the sutting of "the word to the action, the action to the word," concerning which Hamlet instructs the players.

Jeremiah had the delirium tremens when he called on Dr. Kearney, but you could not tell it to look at him. His wild fancy mingled with actual conditions to the extent that he addressed the doctor as the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet. Sinking an attitude, he demanded:

"Get me a draught of what will soonest free A wretch from all his cares!"

Dr. Kearney was not up in the part or forgot his cue or something. Anyway, he did not so much as tell Jerry to "avast."

He just said, "What tell?" or something like it. Jeremiah went on to spout Shake-



HER MISTAKE.

666 has just called him "darling Jack," but Jack was not his name, but that of her first husband.

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HOW MR. CHUGWATER GOT LEFT.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Chugwater entered the store with the confident air of a man who knew exactly what he had come to buy, and was prepared to pay the cash for it.

"I want a Butterworth pattern, No. 99-674," said he, "for a 38-inch waist."

"Are you sure that's the right size?" asked the young woman behind the counter.

"Yes, that's the size my wife told me to get."

"It for her?" said the young woman, with some hesitation of manner.

"I don't know that that makes any difference," rejoined Mr. Chugwater, slightly raising his voice. "But I have no objection to stating that it is."

"I beg pardon, but—would you mind telling me how much she weighs?"

"She weighs about 12 pounds."

"I thought so," said the young woman, reaching promptly for something in one of the pigeon-holes behind her. "It's a 28-inch size the lady wants. A 38-inch would be about the right size for a 375-pound person, and don't keep it in stock. Twenty-five cents, please."

Mr. Chugwater paid the money, put the pattern in his pocket, and walked out of the store with a curious feeling that he had shrunk three or four sizes too small for his clothes and that forty giggling girls had seen him shrink.

SIGHING FOR GOOD OLD DAYS.

From the Chicago Post.

"I'm out," said the heavy-set man bitterly.

"For good?" asked the little man.

"Sure. There ain't no fun in it now."

"Why not?"

"Cause there ain't. Why, a little slim, sawed-off like you has most as good a show as a man like me now. I've soured on the whole business."

"When did you make up your mind to that?"

"Last time I went to a political meeting."

"What did they do?"

"Talked."

"What else?"

"Nothin' else. That's wot I'm kickin' about. I had half a brick in my pocket, like I used to carry in the old days, an' I never had a chance to use it. They just spouted a lot about the tariff an' there wasn't a head broken."

"Naw. Not even an eye gouged. Oh, it was discouragin' to an old-timer, an' so I've quit."

NOT FOR HER.

Shopman: "We guarantee these stockings to be fast colors."

She (Primauch, horrified): "For heaven's sake, then, show me some others that are decent and respectable!"

LOOKED THAT WAY.

Harry: "Has your son gone in for athletics much at college?"

Treator: "Reckon he has; most of the items on his expense bills is for balls and bats."

AN EXPLANATORY APPENDIX.

"Man must work from sun to sun, nice little affair; holds half a pint."

"Half a pint? By gad, sah, when I want to buy toys I will go to a toy store, sah."

THEY DON'T LIVE TO KNOW.

From the Chicago Record.

"Why do you suppose a trolley car carries a gong?"

"Why, that's to let people know what it is that runs over them."

SAFEGUARDED.

From the Detroit Tribune.

"Why did I assume the shape of a serpent when I tempted Eve?" repeated the Prince of Evil. "Oh! I wished to be very sure not to put my foot in it."

Skyline: "Why didn't it fresh cigar."

THAT TIRED FEELING.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Perry: "Do you owe your present condition to whisky?"

Perry Patetic: "None; to the lack of it. Ain't been able to hit a drink for three days."

THEN HE GOT THE STOVE LIFTER.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. N. Peck: "Of course, like all women, you have an inordinate curiosity."

Mrs. N. Peck: "Get a curiosity, have it I've got a freak!"

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Mrs. Halston: "How was it, Bridget, you were not here the whole of Wednesday afternoon?"

Biggest Brittilishah: "Becoss'mum, Wednesday's me Sunday out."

ENOUGH FOR HIM.

Holjack: "When you were abroad did you see any royal portrait galleries?"

Jack Potts: "On the way over I saw the pictures of three kings and two queens, with two small pairs."

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Wool: "I sent a quarter yesterday to a man who advertised to tell how to turn a backstrap."

Van Fell: "Well?"

Wool: "Told me to get on a cable car backward."

WAS HE CONTENTED?

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Miss Penny: "Erin Adams was not contented with a life?"

Question: "Certainly not. That was because she knew nothing of good as evil."



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The Penalty Mr. Dolley Paid for His Grave Indiscretion.

From the Chicago Record.

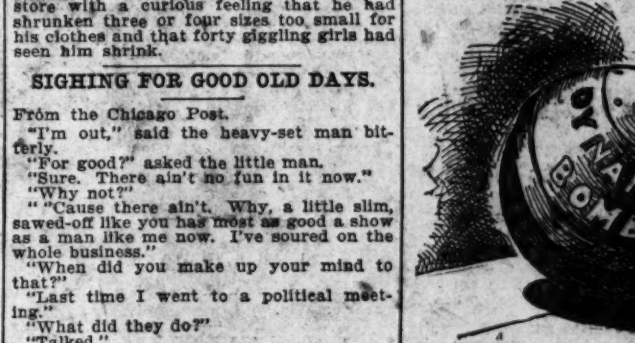
Just as young Mr. Dolley was about to bid good night to Miss Trivett, the gas-light in the hall burning low, he drew her to him and stole a kiss.

And at that moment Mr. Trivett emerged from the library door, further along the hall, and came forward.

"Oh, dear," said the maiden, in a gasping whisper. "I am afraid papa saw you."

Her fear deepened into a certainty as her father approached and said to Mr. Dolley: "Young man, I want to speak to you in the library for a minute or two."

Mr. Dolley followed Mr. Trivett sheepishly, and the door closed behind them. The girl, pale and breathless, anxiety pictured all over her countenance, hid behind the parlor curtain, that she might have a word with Mr. Dolley in case her father should allow the young man to go to the door unattended. Her eyes were fixed on the closed



CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO IT.
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library door, visible to her from her retreat back of the curtain, and she tried to divine what was passing therein. Would Mr. Dolley be forbidden to come to the house again? Would her papa forbid her to think of him? She had heard of such orders issuing from parental authority and already she was debating how she and he could evade them. Whatever was transpiring it took a long time. Surely it would not require four or five minutes to dismiss an objectionable lover. Perhaps Mr. Dolley was bravely defending himself. Nay, it might be that he had heeded her father in his den and boldly asked her hand in marriage.

WANTED A DEMIJOHN.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Pocket flask? Yes, sir. Here is a very nice little affair; holds half a pint."

"Half a pint? By gad, sah, when I want to buy toys I will go to a toy store, sah."

IN THE REALMS OF GLOOM.

First Shade: "Nighty had walking down here, hey?"

Second Shade: "Yes. I wish some one would direct me to the part of the place that is paved with my good intentions."



NOT IN HIS LINE.

Miss Harmony: "Do you play Offenbach?"

Chris Anthemum (promptly): "No, not of ten. I have played half back twice, but I generally rush."

AN ODD ANTEDEILUVIAN.

Teacher: "Nebek called forty days and forty nights."

Dick Nicks: "And did it all without a tracking cap."

LET LOOKER.

News that the busy President improve each passing minute, by telling all the women what the doctors of the year think.

SHE KNEW HIM.

Count: "Darling, I love you for yourself alone."

Miss Hairs: "Indeed? For how much of a loan as a starter?"

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